

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1865.

HENRIETTA WILSON.

BY HON. G. P. DISOSWAY.

THIS gifted and pious lady was the daughter of Andrew Wilson, Esq., of Scotland; and losing both parents in early life she found a home with her grandmother at Edinburgh with the celebrated Prof. John Wilson, her uncle. Another uncle's house also became to her a little paradise. This was Woodville, a beautiful, secluded spot, fragrant with its gardens and bright with blossoms, flowers, and fruits. To her aunt here, an invalid, she became tenderly attached, and in ministering to her lengthened illness Henrietta found the first field for the generous self-devotion which distinguished her through life.

There were good lessons to be learned from the earnest piety of Mrs. Wilson's society. She was delighted in books. Many were the useful volumes which the young companion read aloud to her sick aunt. What is still better, here she learned those habits of sympathy and kindness which afterward so endeared her to beloved friends. And although, in the providence of the Lord, one sufferer from that sick room passed away to the mansions of perfect spirits, her ministering attendant came forth to do an angel's work on the earth.

To her cousins, a little boy and girl, now, like herself, motherless, she became an elder sister, and to the heart-stricken father a strong comfort. In many of his tastes they resembled each other. She became an excellent entomologist, and her pleasant volume now before me, "The Chronicles of a Garden—its Pets and its Pleasures," shows how fully she shared with the kind-hearted naturalist in his attachments to the study of God's works.

Miss Wilson, with her uncle, joined the congregation of her cousin, the Rev. John Sym,

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of the Free Church, and devoted herself to all his well-known plans of "traditional" improvement. Not long before her death she became the superintendent of a mothers' meeting, and her readings and explanations of Scripture were highly prized with her friendly counsels and earnest prayers. One poor woman thus expressed herself, "Miss Wilson's prayers are gold to my heart." She also superintended the labors of a "Bible woman," and endeavored to introduce skilled and pious nurses into the sick rooms of the poor. In Scotland, it is well known that the poor are greatly opposed to be sent from their own homes to public hospitals. Miss Wilson judged rightly that the best way to reach the humble missionaries to such places was through the "Chronicles of a Garden." Her dying request was, that the "Chronicles of a Garden" should be given to this generous object. In 1815 she had published anonymously "Little Things." It was unassuming, like the author, but its practical wisdom and excellent Christian sentiments secured a wide and speedy circulation. This work made a ready welcome for its successors, "Homely Hints" and "Things to be Thought of." The popularity of these writings did not kindle any mere literary ambition in the authoress, as their publication had a benevolent object in view.

The heart of Miss Wilson had long been affected by rheumatism, but no symptoms of acute disease appeared till the Summer of 1863. After a morning stroll in the month of June, that year, amid her passionately-loved woods and glens, she returned fatigued, and in the evening a deadly paleness covered her face. She was asked if she was not tired. "No, not tired," she replied, "but I feel my heart," and for a few days remained quietly at home. On Saturday of the next week she received many friends, and among them her "Bible woman,"

with whom she spent a long time. She employed herself on the following Monday arranging a drawer of insects, one of her favorite studies, and, although opposed by friends, amid a heavy wind and rain, in a carriage, went to a "mothers' meeting." There was a large attendance, and she read from the book of Nehemiah, especially speaking to the mothers on the duty and privilege of ejaculatory prayer while engaged in the cares of life. These were among her last hours of active life.

Shortly after she made an attempt to visit her "district." But a few yards only beyond the gate she was seized with a violent pain between the shoulders; still anxious to examine the school and take some little delicacy to a dying man, she struggled on, although frequently compelled to stop from illness. She reached the scene of duty, and was also able to call at the parsonage of her departed and beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Sym, whose memory she so dearly loved, and whose reunion was among the most joyful anticipations of life's final hours.

Several months were spent in bed, and amid extreme weakness, and to avoid painful sleeps, she often avoided lying down, although utterly exhausted. She especially dreaded a death-like slumber, and one night requested the 91st Psalm to be read, as it contained the precious promises of protection from the enemy of the night." As long as she was able, she greatly loved the garden, and used to walk slowly, and afterward in a garden-chair. In one of her last journeys of this kind she noticed a rare moth, and sent for a net to secure it—the last exercise of a ruling passion.

Miss Wilson still read a great deal; night and morning the Bible lay beside her, with "Hymns from the Land of Luther." In the meanwhile the sight of one eye became dim, and her great anxiety was to give as little trouble as possible, but solicitous as ever for the comfort of every one about her.

In a few months, her symptoms becoming more urgent, the friend whom she wished to be with her at the close of life's pilgrimage was sent for. This was Mrs. Sym, her pastor's widow, and she never left her dying young friend till she reached the happy land, where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick." A week before her death she was alone with a cousin, who had read the 103d Psalm with a few verses of Hebrew x. She now, as if speaking of ordinary affairs, named some friends to whom she wished her micro-

scope and insect cabinet to be given. She added, "I do not fear to leave you all, for I know in whose care you are. The God who comforted us in '50 [the year when Mr. Wilson died] will comfort still. It will be a very short time and we shall be all together again." Then, reverting to her devoted attachment to her uncle, she continued, "I never could have thought that I should be able to live seven years without him, but God would not permit me to rejoin him before weakening my idolatrous love and fixing it more on himself. I have had a very happy life, and there is not much suffering even now. No one knows what it is till they come to be here. Tell — [an aged friend] not to be afraid; she used to be timid, but the waters of Jordan will be very low when she has to cross." From this time she constantly and cheerfully spoke of her Father's house in heaven as already near it, dwelling much on the Savior's finished work. "Yes," said she, "it is a finished work. All that I have to do is to lie down at the foot of the cross." She delighted in texts like these: "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Looking unto Jesus." "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." "He shall sit as a purifier and refiner." "Wash me and I shall be clean." "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." She was told one night that a beloved friend had written her favorite text in a note—"Underneath are my everlasting arms." "Yes," she replied, "I shall be in his arms; but remember it is for the strong and the weak."

On the Sabbath she requested the hymn which has comforted so many myriads to be repeated, "Rock of Ages," and this verse of the 73d Psalm,

"My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,  
But God doth fail me never,  
For of my heart God is the strength  
And portion forever."

While suffering under severe pain the remark was made, "How sweet after this will be the rest of heaven!" "Well," she answered, "it is strange; it is not *rest* I am thinking of, but *work*. I have been laid aside so long I am longing for something to do." In reply she was reminded of the passage in the Revelations, "His servants shall serve him." "They rest not day nor night." With her desire to depart and be with Christ she was afraid of being impatient, and would say, "His time is best; I will wait his own time. Surely, however," she once added, "I may say, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, because that is his

own word." Often did she repeat from a German hymn,

"Suffer on, and hope, and wait,  
Jesus never comes too late."

At one time she remarked it had long been pleasant to her to believe that in a higher state of existence many of our present pursuits may be resumed and perfected. Reference made to Dr. Candlish's "Life in a Risen Savior," "Yes," she rejoined, "they are delightful sermons. Dr. James Alexander has also some striking remarks on the same subject. I copied them out, and I can truly say that many of my employments here were followed out in the hope of resuming them in eternity."

Throughout all her illness her mind remained bright and free from clouds and fears; her only concern seemed to be the trouble her feebleness might occasion others. "After this you must take a long rest," she remarked to a cousin who had been waiting on her, who answered, "I would far rather work as you have done."

On the morning of her death she heard that a valued friend was indisposed, and, expressing much sympathy, observed, "I do not like to hear of people being ill. I like to hear of them well and cheerful." About four o'clock on Sabbath morning, Sept. 19, 1863, a great change was observed in her, as she appeared to be rapidly sinking, but reviving a little when asked how she was, replied, "I have had a delicious night." The doctor inquired how she was in pain. "O, no, only drowsy, and happy." Nearly the whole of that sacred night she kept hold of her faithful cousin's hand, and whether awake or asleep, often this dying saint brightly smiled, as if seeing what mortal eye hath not seen. About five in the evening of that Lord's day Henrietta Wilson repeated, "Come, Lord Jesus," and soon from the arms of sorrowing friends and affection her ransomed spirit passed away to glory.

KNOWLEDGE and good parts, managed by grace, are like the rod in Moses's hand, wonder-workers, but turn to serpents when they are cast upon the ground, and employed in promoting earthly designs. Learning in religious hearts, like that gold in Israelites' earrings, is a most precious ornament; but if men pervert it to base, wicked ends, or begin to make an idol of it, as they did a golden calf of their earrings, it then becomes an abomination.—*Arrowsmith.*

# THE NIGHT JOURNEY TO NAPLES BY WATER. FROM THE GERMAN OF WILLIAM HEINSE.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

AS the twilight fell we slowly sailed along the shore. The landscape was floating in a soft evening air, and a refreshing coolness greeted us from the murmuring water. Gradually every sound upon the shore died away into silence; one star after another stood out in its first brilliancy, and a heavenly quiet stole over the water, broken only by the monotonous rudder-stroke, and when, now and then, some inhabitant of the deep sprang forth.

But a fire seemed suddenly kindled. Brightly played the light over the waves; innumerable white gnats, attracted by the warmth and light, fell headlong into the sparkling grave—a bait for the shoals of fish. And now what a gorgeous spectacle began! Through the smoke of the mountain sparks mounted up like fire-balls, which either vanished high in the air or descended again in a luminous track. At times, and usually when it was the darkest, the entire mass of smoke was converted into a blaze, and from time to time a shower of stones was thrown out of the crater, and this fiery mass formed the bright sparks. Majestically was reflected the great splendor in the trembling water, till it seemed as if the lowest depth was

illuminated. At last flames gushed out of it. The smoke began to glisten, first with a silver light, then grew down; like a silver cloud it descended from the mountain, when a gust of wind swept it, and now the moon in grandeur and beauty sailed upward—a transporting sight. Serenely it ascended on high, and its tremulous silver poured itself upon the gulf like light upon the many folds of a mantle. As we now reposed therein, gliding in the friendly light, the slumbering shores with their woods and hills lay indistinctly in the doubtful twilight; under me were the tossing, agitated billows, over me the eternal constellations and the immeasurable vault of night. Then memory descended to me through the trembling radiance, and my spirit gathered around me my distant loved ones. In the east was it even now reddening, only the morning star still twinkled beautifully, and a light mist rested upon the water. Then we landed, and, like one newly born, I went through the dew-covered grove and among the slumbering cottages. Gradually life awoke, the shades of night vanished, and the bustle of day commenced again. O, that the dream of my life might be like this night—my resurrection like this morning!

## TORQUATO TASSO.

BY J. WESLEY CARNHART, D. D.

TORQUATO TASSO was born in the city of Sorrento, Italy, in the year 1544. The most ancient notices of the Tasso family are of the twelfth century. Some of the Tassi became founders of titled families in Spain and Flanders, and in Germany attained the rank of sovereign princes. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, was born in the city of Burgamo, A. D. 1493. He spent his youth in the cultivation of letters, and in 1531 published a volume of poetry in praise of Ginevra Malatesta, a lady of great beauty, to whom he was strongly attached by the "divine passion." He was soon after invited by Terrante Sanseverino, prince of Salerno, to act in the capacity of secretary at his court near Naples. Here he rose rapidly in fame and fortune, and in a few years married a Neapolitan lady of great beauty and accomplishments.

The year following their union was blest by the birth of a daughter, whom he named Cornelia. He obtained permission of his prince to retire for a time from the care and labor of his office, and applied himself to the prosecution of his favorite studies. He chose for his retreat the beautiful city of Sorrento, where he composed the "Amadigi," and where he had the son who was destined to make his father immortal and to experience such vicissitudes, was welcomed into the world.

In the year 1547 an insurrection broke out in Naples against the Viceroy, D. Pedro de Toledo, who attempted to establish the inquisition there. Bernardo remained attached to the Prince of Salerno, who unfortunately became implicated in the rebellion, and resolved to forsake a country where he could not remain in peace and safety, and accordingly, in company with Bernardo, he departed to the court of France. But soon after his departure he and all his adherents were declared rebels, deprived of their estates, and sentenced to death. By this edict Bernardo lost his fortune, and the foundation was thus laid for the life of dependence and want which our poet experienced.

Torquato soon developed a remarkable taste for study, and that taste was cultivated and gratified so far as it could be by his mother, who gave to his own and his sister's education all the attention her circumstances would permit. At the early age of seven years he had acquired some knowledge of Latin, and very soon began to display a remarkable taste for poetry and rhetoric.

He was sent at an early age to the seminary of the Jesuits at Naples. Here he remained three years, and made great proficiency in his studies, and astonished even his instructors by his recitations of original verses and orations. Portia and Cornelia being dissatisfied with their dependent and unhappy condition, resolved to enter the monastery of San Festo, and it became necessary for them to send Torquato to his father, who had escaped execution. The hour of separation from his mother was an hour of great agony, the memory of which seemed never to be effaced from our poet's mind, and he afterward laments the parting in the following ode:

## I.

"Me from my mother's breast, a child,  
Did cruel fortune tear;  
The tears she shed, the kisses wild  
She pressed in her despair  
On my pale cheek, and O, the zeal  
Of her most passionate appeal  
To Heaven for me in air  
Alone recorded—with regret  
I yet remember, weep for yet.

## II.

Never, O, never more was I  
To meet her face to face,  
And feel my full heart beat more high  
In her beloved embrace.  
I left her—O, the pang severe!  
Like young Camilla, or, more dear,  
Ascanius-like, to trace  
Her hill and dale, through bush and brier,  
The footsteps of my wandering sire."

In his sixteenth year Tasso was sent by his father to a law school at Padua, where he prosecuted his studies with great diligence and success. Law, however, was not the pursuit for Tasso, whose mind was so strongly wedded to the romantic fictions of Boiardo and Ariosto. He therefore applied himself secretly to more congenial pursuits, and produced in 1561 his "Rinaldo." His father, contrary to his expectations, was pleased with the production, and gave permission for its being printed, and it was accordingly presented to the world in April, 1562. It produced a great sensation, and was warmly welcomed into the world and highly commended by all who made its acquaintance. The author's fame soon spread throughout Italy, and he was known by the endearing name of Tassino, the dear little Tasso. Many passages of "Rinaldo" are touchingly beautiful and pathetic. We give a few of the concluding stanzas:

"But thou, first fruit of fancy and of toil,  
Child of few hours and those most fugitive!



Dear little book, born on the sunny soil

By Brenta's wave, may all kind planets give

To thee the Spring no Winter shall despoil,

Life to go forth when I have ceased to live;

Gathering rich fame beyond our country's bounds,  
And mix'd with songs with which the world resounds!

Yet ere I bid thy truant leaves adieu,

Ere yet thou seek'st the Prince whose name impress'd

Deep in my heart, upon thy front we view,

Too poor a portal for so great a guest.

Go, find out him from whom my birth I drew,

Life of my life, and whose the rich bequest

Has been, if aught of beautiful or strong

Adorns my life and animates my song.

He with that keen and searching glance which knows

To pierce beyond the veil of dim disguise.

Shall see the faults that lie concealed so close

To the short vision of my feeble eyes,

And with that pen which joins the truth of prose

To tuneful fable, shall the verse chastise,

Far as its youth the trial can endure,

And grace thy page with beauties more mature."

No one can fail to admire the genius of Tasso, which so soon began to manifest itself in beautiful coruscations, winning garlands of fame and torrents of applause from an interested and appreciative world. We see him at this early age, while engaged in those studies which might honorably have claimed the attention of maturer minds, throwing off now and then those shining waifs which in after-life floated up to his heart, claiming parentage, reminding him of the lineaments of his youthful soul, like the forgotten daguerreotypes of one's boyhood. His career as a poet was a transcendent glory. Tasso was not born with that light which shone so beautifully in his boyhood is still constant, and when the last star of heaven shall grow dim and the sun fade forever it will be as pure and as lovely as now. The circumstances that surrounded him

"Whence he stole  
His balmy sweets,"

doubtless had much to do with the formation of his character, but did not make him what he was. A man born with a poet's soul will be a poet in spite of circumstances. Circumstances are to the mind and heart what the match is to the magazine—insignificant in themselves, but great in their relations.

Tasso possessed those peculiar elements of mind which, though they led him into unhappy extravagances of poesy at times, gave him a position in the literary world seldom attained. But what pen dare essay the task of delineating those peculiarities? It is a much easier task to present the characteristics of any other than of the poet's mind. The fact is, the real

poet seems to be fashioned after no model and made according to no rule. He is a combination of mysteries, made up of elements peculiar to his own heart. It is quite impossible to follow in description Tasso's heavenward flights, or to convey a just conception of his majestic strains. The most we attempt is, to give some pencils of his light and pluck some flowers from the rich vase of fancies he has left to brighten and perfume his memory.

Tasso not only fancied but actually beheld the objects he describes. Can we otherwise conclude when we read those glowing lines descriptive of the angel that flew from heaven to guide the hosts of God?

"He said, and Gabriel plumed himself to go

Swift on the errand of his Lord; he roll'd

The air around his viewless essence, so

That mortal eye the vision might behold;

The aspect human, human was the mold

Assumed, and mixed with majesty divine.

He wreathes the sunbeams in his locks of gold,

And moves a seraph, whose fair locks define

The age when youth just seems with boyhood to combine.

White wings sustain him, edged with golden dyes,

Upward, swift and pliant in their play;

With these he cut the winds, and clouds, and skies,

And high o'er land and ocean sails away.

Down to earth's loftier peaks, in this array,

His course the messenger of heaven consigned;

And first on sweet Mount Lebanon to stay,

For an instant, seemed inclined,

His sparkling plumes, self-balanced on

the "Jerusalem Delivered," from which the above quotation is taken, is the great production of his life. Tasso excelled in his power to delineate character. We might refer to Tancréd, Argantez, Otho, Godfrey, Erminia, and many others introduced in the "Jerusalem Delivered," but we will only call attention to Sophrona and Olindo. The account given of them constitutes an episode which has one unhappy feature—a want of connection with the principal action, and hence conduces nothing to the main design. We refer to it for the purpose of showing how to the life his characters are drawn:

"Of generous thoughts and principles sublime,

Among them in the city lived a maid,

The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime

Supremely beautiful; but that she made

Never her care, or beauty only weighed

In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired

A deeper charm for blooming in the shade.

Lovers she shunn'd, nor loved to be admired,

But from their praises turned away and lived a life retired.

And thus it was when, like an omen drear,  
That summoned all her kindred to the grave,  
The cruel mandate reached Sophrona's ear,  
Who, brave as beautiful, yet discreet as brave,  
Mused how her people she from death might save;  
Courage inspired, but virginal alarm  
Repressed the thought, till maiden shyness gave  
Place to resolve, or joined to share the harm,  
Boldness awoke her shame, shame made her boldness  
charm.

Doomed in tormenting fire to die, they lay  
Hands on the maid, her arms with rough cords  
twining;  
Rudely her mantle chaste they tear away,  
And the white veil that o'er her drooped declining;  
This she endured with silence, unrepining,  
Yet her firm breast with virgin tremors shook,  
And her warm cheek, Auroras late sustaining,  
Waned into whiteness, and a color took  
Like that of the pale rose, or lily of the brook.

Around them now the unctuous pyre was piled,  
And the fanned flame was rising in the wind,  
When, full of mournful thoughts in accents wild,  
The lover to his mate in death repined;  
Is this the bond, then, which I hoped would bind  
Our lives in blissful marriage? This the fire  
Of bridal faith, commingling mind with mind,  
Which I believed should in our hearts inspire  
Like warmth of sacred zeal and delicate desire?

Far other flames love promised to impart  
Than those our envious planets here propose;  
Too, ah! too long they kept our minds apart,  
But harshly now they join them in despair;  
Yet does it soothe, since by a mode  
Condemned to die, thy torments to part  
Forbid by faith thy sweetnesses to part  
If tears I shed, 't is but for thy dear part  
Not mine; with thee beside, I bless the burning stake."

We have many more penciled passages in illustration of what we have said of Tasso relative to his purity of thought and expression, but will make but one more quotation, descriptive of Armida immediately after her plea before Godfrey:

"She ceased; a generous and majestic scorn  
Fired all her features to a rose-like red;  
And then she made as she would have withdrawn,  
With grief and anger in her farewell tread;  
Her eyes, 'twixt sorrow and resentment, shed  
Tears thick as Summer's heat-drops, tears that shine  
With the same golden rays athwart them spread,  
Like falling pearls, like crystals argentine,  
Or sparkling opal-drops from some far Indian mine.  
Her fresh cheeks sprinkled with these living showers,  
Which to her vesture's hem down gliding cling,  
Appear like snowy and vermillion flowers  
Humid with May-dews, when romantic Spring,  
In shadow of the green leaves whispering,  
Spreads their closed bosoms to the amorous air,  
Flowers to which sweet Aurora oft takes wing,

Which with gay hand she culls with such proud care  
In morn's melodious prime to bind her vagrant hair."

Had Tasso no faults he would not be human. But, like all other men, he gives evidence of his humanity. Some of his faults in composition are quite prominent. We refer to a few examples before passing to a more interesting subject. As we have already remarked, that peculiar element which exalted him to the height of literary fame seldom attained, in unguarded moments, when under the full force of poetic inspiration, led him into extravagances of poesy which could not endure the test of criticism. We have space but for a few quotations in proof of what we have said. He thus describes the contest between Argantez and Tancred:

"Both placed in rest, and leveled at the face  
Their knotty lances; ne'er did tigers spring,  
Nor ardent chargers in the rushing race,  
Match their swift course, nor bird of swiftest wing;  
Here Tancred, there Argantez came; to sing  
The force with which they met would ask the cry  
Of angels; sudden the shocked helmets ring—  
Their spears are broke, and up to the blue sky  
A thousand lucid sparks, a thousand shivers fly.

That shrill blow shook earth's firm voluble ball;  
The mountains sounding as the metals clashed,  
Pass'd the dire music to the towers, till all  
The city trembled; but the shock which dash'd  
Both steeds to earth, as each for anguish gnash'd  
Teeth and shrieked its noble life away,  
Bowed their haughty heads; they unabashed  
Ran up, war's perfect masters, they  
Gold-hilted swords and stand at desperate

We recognize here that extravagance which sometimes crops out in his "Jerusalem Delivered." It is little short of bombast to affirm that by the breaking of helmets the air is filled with

"A thousand lucid sparks, a thousand shivers,"

or that the shrill blow

"Shook earth's firm voluble ball."

There are other passages of equal extravagance to which we might refer; and yet all these seem insignificant when we consider his great merit. In reading his productions the mind becomes fascinated with his beauties, and can scarcely see his faults. One finds himself lost in pleasant meditations and rapt in holy ecstasy long after he has read the last sentence and laid aside the book.

Our author, like all true poets, was eminently susceptible of love. Without this pure passion poetry has no soothing power, no sweet, holy vitality, which makes it a blessed reality

that every true heart may recognize. There are many conjectures relative to Tasso's loves. No writer has been able to decide, either from his writings or from recorded circumstances, who the lady was who held the scepter over his heart. Love gushed from his full heart as spontaneously as water from an overflowing fountain. There were many, very many whom he loved, but not in that sense which leads one to feel that the darling object of his affections is his life, his sunlight, his all. There was one around whom all others seemed to circle, and whose glory they dimly reflected. That central object dwelt in the very center of his heart; her charms fascinated his soul, her spirit permeated his very being, her image constantly glowed on the canvas of his brain, shrouded in all those holy, heavenly tints that blush in the rainbow about the throne. Her beauties were daguerreotyped on the pure tablet of his heart.

Whether this earth-born being of all conceivable human perfections was the unhappy Leonora of Este or some other person we shall not attempt to determine. But that he loved deeply can not be doubted when we read his own language upon the subject:

"Love binds my soul in chains of bliss,  
Firm, rigorous, strict, and strong;  
I am not sorrowful for this,  
But why I quarrel with him is,  
He quite ties up my tongue.

When I my lady should salute,  
I can on no pretense,  
But, timid and confused, stand mute,  
Or, wandering in my reason, suit  
My speech but ill with sense.

Loose, gentle Love, my tongue, and if  
Thou 'lt not give up one part  
Of thy great power, respect my grief,  
Take off this chain in kind relief,  
And add it to my heart."

Serassi and Dr. Black profess to regard him as having been deeply enamored of Lucretia Bendidio, but I confess I can only discern in the effusions addressed to her one of those merely amorous fancies which are so apt to play around the heads of susceptible young persons, but which make no deep impression, and vanish altogether with the object that called them into birth. The real symptoms must be sought for in the compositions of a later but of no distant date. Many were the touching strains addressed to Leonora, from which we take the following:

"To the romantic hills, where free  
To thine enchanted eyes

Works of Greek taste in statuary  
Of antique marble rise,  
My thought, fair Leonora, roves,  
And with it to the gloom of groves  
Fast bears me as it flies;  
Far from thee in crowds unblest  
My fluttering heart but ill can rest."

It is quite evident that Leonora loved him, and doubtless the reason why his love was not more fully reciprocated in acts of kindness to him in his subsequent afflictions was the fact that, were she, being the Duke's sister, suspected of being in love with an Italian poet, it would have been equivalent to being suspected of treason.

Tasso's misfortunes were severe. We can not dwell upon them without great pain. To think of a blind Milton in poverty and want, or of a Homer in the same condition, yet in the enjoyment of reason and their liberty, awakens not the emotions of profound grief we feel when reflecting upon the sufferings of Tasso. There does not appear one redeeming earthly feature in his sorrows and misfortunes. His unhappy history, added to that of many other literary men, leads us to the conclusion that the world knew not how to handle so precious and delicate a treasure. He was in the world, but not of it. He lived in an intellectual and moral atmosphere above that in which men ordinarily exist, and yet he was above the world but that he could not escape the low, ungrateful touch. O, when shall we learn to deal justly with intellectual greatness? "her 'gifted ones?'"

We think of the wicked mutilations of Tasso's poems, of the dishonest conduct of those upon whose decision their publication depended with feelings of mingled pity and contempt. It was this wicked conduct that caused his sensitive soul to shrink from this cold earth with its cruel inhumanity with a shudder that might have made an angel weep, and which at length hurled his reason from her throne. Tasso's manuscripts were withheld from him, the proceeds of his publications appropriated to enrich the editors and publishers all over the land, and not one *scudi* did he receive. This, however, was his least affliction. His poems appeared in a mutilated form, with many errors, which was the severest calamity of all. Under this affliction his drooping powers gave way; he feared some plan was contemplated by which his life would be destroyed; he feared to drink lest poison should be administered. "Indeed, I should consider myself sufficiently happy," says he, "if, without suspicion, I could quench the thirst with

which I am constantly tormented; and if, as one of the vulgar, I could lead a life of liberty in some poor cottage, if not healthy, at least free from anguish, I would quench the thirst that consumes me like the beasts which freely drink from stream and fountain."

Tasso, for no other crime than partial insanity, was confined in prison in a little dungeon underground, lighted only by one grated window above, opening into a court only six feet by nine. His sorrow here was excessive; nothing could exceed poor Tasso's anguish. "Ah, wretched me!" he says; "I had expected to close my life with glory and renown, but, oppressed with the burden of so many calamities, I have lost every prospect of reputation and honor. Nor do I lament that my heart is deluged with almost constant misery; that my head is heavy and often painful; that my sight and hearing are much impaired; and that all my frame has become spare and meager: but, passing all these with a short sigh, what I most bewail is the infirmity of my mind."

He was released from his confinement, and terminated his eventful life soon after in great peace. At eleven o'clock on the 25th of April, 1595, feeling the approach of the mortal pang, he closely embraced the crucifix, and with the words upon his lips, "Into thy hands, O Lord," his uncaged spirit spread its wings and took its flight to the skies.

#### UNWHOLESOME SLEEP.

NOT always is sleep "tired nature's sweet restorer." Sometimes, instead of a balm, it brings a bugaboo in the shape of the nightmare. Man is a wonderful piece of work, but his machinery may be thrown out of gear and set awheeling by so slight a thing as a late supper. An indigestible Welsh rarebit at 11, P. M., may result in a big, suffocating black dog across the chest at one o'clock in the morning; an overplus of loaf-pastry, which his gastric juices can not conveniently assimilate, may precipitate him from a precipice in dream-land into a bottomless abyss, or a surfeit of *pate de foie gras* send him to a Morphean gal- lows, there to endure all the tortures of actual strangulation. This sort of thing, by the way, is only one remove from apoplexy, and the incubus-ridden victim of inordinate and untimely self-indulgence is likely enough to be at last bestridden in his sleep by a nightmare too strong for his vitality—even death.

The term nightmare is supposed to have

been derived from "Mara," the name of a demon which, according to the Scandinavian mythology, pounced upon men in their sleep and held the will in thralldom. The old Saxons called the distemper "elf-sidenne," or elf-squatting. With the doctors, who are nothing if not classical, it is "ephaltes," from a mythic giant of that name who undertook to climb to heaven, but missing his foothold, tumbled into the fathomless depths. Most of us have probably been convulsed in our sleep with the same sort of thing which the tripped-up Titan is fabled to have experienced during his "lofty fall" from the celestial battlements. In our boyish days, or rather nights, we were frequently pitched headlong from the tops of sky-cleaving mountains, thrown over staircases and into wells from which the bottoms had dropped out, to say nothing of falling, bed and all, through trap-doors in the floor into illimitable chaos, or being caught up by the hair into the realms of ether and there kept dangling and kicking like a jumping jack without any apparent prospect of rescue. Well do we remember the start of terror with which we awoke on such occasions, and the deep-drawn sighs of relief which followed the consciousness of safety. It is doubtful whether any waking agony surpasses the torment that has been endured in dreams.

There can be little doubt that many of the horrors of the dark ages were "maras" begotten by indigestion. Your Saxon gormandizer, sometimes feasted far into the night on roasts and venison pastry, washing them down with frothy mead, must have gone to bed with his stomach in a nice condition. No wonder that of the internal fermentation caused by such stuffing and swelling, hobgoblins and hippogriffs in endless variety were born.

The surest way to avoid the nightmare and procure that sound, healthful repose with which each day's life should be "rounded off," is to live temperately, regularly, and honestly. Ay "honestly," for a troubled conscience as well as an overlaid diaphragm, may engender evil dreams.

FAITH is a certain image of eternity. All things are present to it—things past and things to come. Faith converses with angels and antedates the hymns of glory. Every man that has this grace is as certain there are glories for him, if he perseveres in duty, as if he had heard and sung the blessed thanksgiving song for the blessed sentence of doomsday.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



## OUR VISIT FROM AUNT CASSIE.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"**R**ACHEL! Rachel Cassiday!" I paused as I spread the last quilt on the bed that I was making, as my name came up the stairs in quick girlish tones, and leaned over the banisters to answer to my patronymic. "Do tell me what I can do about this room. It is so gloomy with its white walls and bare floor! If we could only buy a carpet before Cassie comes!"

"If we could only do a thousand things, little sister," I answered back smiling down on the petite face, now so full of care, upturned to my own. "It is at least clean, and sweet, and bright, with the western sun flooding the room full of glory; and I think when the roses are in bloom and each breeze sweeps the petals through the window, we will then have a carpet fit for Cassie fragrant as the apple blossom."

"O dear, I wish I could look through your eyes, Rachel! You see the sunshine, and rose blooms, and nature's glory, and I look on bare walls, and comfortless floor, and chairs set back stiff as a field of sorghum ready for the knife," and the tears filled her eyes as she turned back to her work, while I pressed down a sigh and thought the whole matter over, as I had a hundred times before without coming to any conclusion.

These were the stubborn facts that stood like the angles of an octagon. Father had hard time to procure food and raiment for his farm—that had been his father's before him and thus doubly dear—was perched upon a hillside, where the heavy storms of Winter and beating rains of Summer washed its fertility into the rich valley below. Stones and huge boulders, that reached far below the surface, choked up the soil and sorely impeded the progress of the plow, and made compensation for labor very small. There were broad views, and free air, and beautiful sunsets, and gurgling streams that went singing by, but these brought no gain only to the inner life. Father was wifeless, and I sometimes feared, even to tears, that thrift and comfort had departed with my dear mother; for I, the housekeeper, even now was but seventeen, and Elsie, little sister, as I often called her, she was so slight, a year less; then came Cassie—poor, lame Cassie, brightest, and sweetest, and nearest to all hearts, yet so helpless, even now using up our scant means in a protracted stay at a neighboring city, with scarcely the shadow of a hope of being benefited by the treatment of a celebrated physician.

There was no boy to bear father's name after him; to go out into the field and relieve the tedium of the long Summer day by conversation, driving away the thoughts of his dead wife, who had come to him in the brightness and beauty of her youth, and for many cheerful years had been his companion, comforter, and counselor, leading him by pure, self-denying example to lay up treasures in heaven, and yet had left such a longing for her dear presence that it brought weakness to arm and will.

"But this will never do!" and as I made the exclamation I ceased smoothing down the plaits in my brown linen apron, and started up and tried by busying my hands to throw off the depression that weighed down my spirits. Then came the old story over again that saddened me still more. Housekeeping seemed such a thankless, hopeless, incomprehensible task; so many little things to be done and so great results. The bread was baked and then eaten; the clothes washed and then soiled. Dirt and dust ever accumulating to annoy, and ceaseless warfare against it; and thus year after year; and then such a sense of incompleteness, want of method from inexperience, and need of training under a careful mistress, that always weighed me down. Tears rolled down my cheeks in spite of all my efforts, and ere I could hide the traces of them, instead of the "Rachel," this time there came light from the stairs, and Elsie burst into the room, dragging me to the window, where the stage had stopped at the gate, with a trunk was at the foot of the wall.

"O dear, who can it be?" and I thought over our few relatives with a trembling heart, as I stood half hid in the folds of the curtain and gazed at the traveler. "It is none of father's kindred, I am sure; she's so small, just like you, Elsie. How pretty her cloak hangs about her, and so stylish, too! I am afraid she is right from some city, and we have n't a bit of cake in the house."

"And the best room is upside down," broke in sister, "for I have moved the furniture into the middle of the room to see if I could not arrange it somehow."

"How could you, Elsie?" was my thoughtless reproof, as I gave a hasty glance in the glass at my tear-stained eyes and pinned on an apron to make my appearance more presentable. "We shall have to go down now, for she is almost at the door, and whoever she is we will try to make her welcome. Perhaps she is not proud after all," and half consoling myself with the remark we both ran down the staircase

with scarcely an echoing step, and while I waited in the entry for the dreaded knock, Elsie hastily lifted back the table and tried to set to rights a few things in the parlor.

"My dear, dear niece," was the stranger's greeting, and there came a tight grasp of my hand, and a quick searching of my gray eyes, and numberless kisses upon my cheek, and even before lips spoke the name, I knew who was before me—my dear mother's sister, darling Cassie's namesake—one whom I had never seen, yet had loved long, hearing mother talk about her, and my head fell upon her shoulder and I burst into happy tears, and felt a rest almost as if my own mother's arms were around me.

It seemed quite like a new world having aunt's light, springy form in our home, with her easy solution by words and actions of all our housekeeping troubles. Her cheerful smile, and merry laugh, and words of pride seemed to revivify the whole household, and made the wheels of care roll easily as if only on a pleasure excursion.

It was the third morning after aunt Cassie's arrival, and we all happened to be in the parlor, when Elsie abruptly broke out into her old complaints about the gloom of the room, and wishing that we were rich enough to furnish the floor with a carpet of even the cheapest material.

"Why don't you make one, Elsie?" "A rag carpet is so neat and fitting for a parlor house?" queried aunt, as at last she measured the size of the room, and then told, if one had questioned her, how much it would have taken to a half foot.

"Why, Rachel, I never thought of that," and we both laughed at the young face that seemed perfectly astonished that the idea had never come to her before.

"Well, girls, you had enough to do before, poor things, and now is just the right time; I want something to keep me busy, and I shall not return till August, unless sickness calls me back. You have enough old clothes, I suppose, and though warp costs a sum nowadays, I guess we can compass it. We are ready to begin this moment; so, Elsie, lead the way to the rag-bag," and at the word we all started for the garret to explore the walls and chests. Aunt seated herself upon a box in the center of the room, and Elsie looked over the barrels and chests, while I mounted a superannuated chair and pulled down coats, and pants, and vests from nails under the roof and threw them into a promiscuous heap on the floor. "O aunt Cassie! Elsie! see what I have found!" and I

brought to sight from under the last garment a large bundle of skeins of yarn, and stepping from the chair I held the treasure before their eyes.

"And you never knew it before! Why, it is tow yarn that sister must have spun before she died. It looks like her work, so even and true, and it has been rolled up and hid by that coat till now. It is just what we want for warp, Rachel, and you will prize it so because it is your mother's work."

"And now we can get the carpet done before Cassie comes; I am so glad, auntie," and Elsie, the happy child, stooped down and kissed the cheek so much like her mother's, then fluttered around like a butterfly from one thing to another in the exuberance of her joy.

"Let me see. Here is some red and green flannel. How nice they have kept from moths in that cedar box! and there is a bit of yellow. That will make a pretty stripe," soliloquized aunt Cassie, as she folded each color over her hand, then looking up, "You have some old prints, I suppose?"

"Your turkey-red dress, sister, is all worn out. That will be splendid, and my old green merino," and then I paused and ran over in my mind a list of every garment in the whole household, and never before felt so complacent at the thinness, tenderness, rents, and holes of our wearing apparel.

"These will do for one day, Rachel. I think I had better rip them up right here and as they come over. They seem clean, only dusty, and I can shake that out and go right to work," and while Elsie ran down stairs for sharp knives and shears, I opened the window and gave each garment a good shake in the windy air; then whipped them thoroughly against the window casing. Our hearts were so in the work that we would gladly have given father a cold dinner, but aunt Cassie shook her head, and said his dull work did not feed him with hope and pleasure as ours did; and so with a decided negative against any help, I went down into the kitchen and boiled, and baked, and laid out the table, while all the time my thoughts kept happy rhyme to the busy workers in the chamber above me.

Elsie and I alternated the house-work for the next two weeks, and we both worked every spare moment at the rags, while aunt doubled the yarn, and twisted, and colored it suitable for warp, and at last, in spite of our united protestations, she took the yarn one morning and went over to a neighboring house and begged the use of their loom to weave the prepared materials into a carpet, and before she

returned the chain was through the reed ready for work.

There was no use trying to get any labor out of Elsie for the next few days. She must wind the filling on sticks ready for weaving, or aunt Cassie must be lonesome sitting up in the old lumber-room alone so many hours, or else she was sure there was not red enough; and so it was backward and forward each day till she gladly escorted the busy worker at the loom home one night with a roll of carpeting, larger than her arms could hold, in an old go-cart that she had borrowed for the purpose.

"And now we want some wall-paper," said aunt Cassie, that very night, as she sat beside me in the parlor on the roll of carpeting with one breadth partially unrolled under our feet, so that we could admire its beauty.

"But I am sure father has no money to spare. You know what he said about that clover-seed that he needed so much."

"I did not say any thing about money from your father. Try and think of some way to help yourself, dear child."

There came a pause, and I studied hard: "Sell the rest of the tow yarn to Mrs. Dillo?" I questioned.

"No, you must make another carpet for the bedrooms next Winter. Cassie will enjoy cutting the rags her well days. What did we do with all the hems, and odds and ends of cloth?"

"Why could n't I think? I can go to to-morrow with father and buy the paper—sure there will be rags enough?"

"Not hardly, though they purchase paper now, but we can go without eggs for a week in this emergency. You had better run now and call Elsie, and pick up every thing that will sell for paper rags, and I will wash the supper dishes to-night; for your father said he should start by light so as to sow his grain in the afternoon, and you must have every preparation made to-night."

According to advice received before I left home, I selected paper with neat, pretty figures on buff ground-work, so that it would not soil easily with dust or smoke, and when I returned I found the paste was made and aunt and Elsie ready for work, giving me the light task—because, they said, my ride must have tired me—of sitting in the rocking-chair and trimming the edge of the paper, and cutting the lengths as they measured them off, and dividing the bordering into strips. The next afternoon we all three worked at the carpet, and finished it and tacked it down, and Elsie replaced the furniture; then took her seat in the low sewing-chair and thoughtlessly declared herself per-

fectly happy—she had nothing more to ask for on earth.

"Not even the pearl of great price, dear child?" said aunt Cassie, who, with all her cheerful, happy ways, never forgot to say a word on the great subject of life.

"I did not mean it, auntie," said Elsie apologetically, "but I am so happy. Cassie used to sit here hour after hour with her lame feet aching and it looked so cold and cheerless. I could run out into the kitchen where the blazing fire made every thing bright, but the work and noise seemed to tire her and make her head ache so she could not stay long. I can see just how pleased she will look when she first steps inside the door. O how I wish she was here this moment to see it all!"

It took a week or so to catch up with our rather neglected house-work, and then came one of those beautiful sunny days; the deep-blue sky half filled with soft fleecy clouds, the air fragrant with the breath of roses, and the birds singing, and twittering, and flashing their wings in the sunshine, and the bees droning, and humming, and chiming in with the tinkling of the brook, that made music for our home day and night.

Aunt Cassie was in her busiest, happiest mood. The bread, her morning's work, was shapely, and round, and curved with no ugly seam on either side of the loaves, or heavy smoked in white napkins, and threw that appetized the whole air of the shelf of pies gave a feeling of us, and the white sanded floor, my especial pride and labor, magnetized my gaze and gave back mute responses that brought cheerfulness like the hearty "well done" of a friend. There seemed no more work to do, and when Elsie said, "Let us go to the woods," aunt's hand, without a parleying word, reached for her bonnet, and I sprung up and sought for the basket that always carried our lunch on excursions of the kind. Our walk was a surprise and pleasure at each turn. First, there was the path through the garden that led to a little descent where we crossed the brook, and the red, white, and blue pebbles glistened in the water and tempted one's hand to reach and be laved by the cooling drops; then the deep verdure that bordered the stream which smothered the sound of our steps like the softest carpet. Further on there was a noble oak-tree that shadowed a low fence where we always rested and gazed down into the valley to see the tall chimneys throwing off clouds of smoke, that wreathed, and tossed, and spread out like ensigns of despair, where huge wheels threw off

jets of water that sparkled in the sunshine like a cluster of the world's pearls; the broad river rolling on blossomed here and there with white sails, and the church spire gleaming from the green leaves just beyond where our dear mother rested in peace with God and man. Then there came the climbing of the hill, the delicate flowers growing on the gray jutting rocks, the pine woods with the sighing wind, and balsamy perfume, and deep shade that almost settled into gloom.

Elsie and I came for the pleasure of the walk, but aunt Cassie came for the pleasure, and, as we found, also for the use. Not a tuft of unfading moss, not a lichen or curious stone escaped her eye, and all were gathered into her capacious apron. Elsie at first became engaged in the work, and then I, seated upon the root of a tree idly pulling off mosses and twigs, became interested in the delicate curvings and colors of a lichen, and sought for different varieties with great avidity. My lunch basket was soon running over, then my apron, and at last the pockets of my old sack were full to repletion, mixed in with last year's pine cones and acorns that still covered the ground. The faint tinkle of the factory bell that stole up from the valley at length warned us that it was time to start for home; and wondering where the day had gone to, and if father had returned from the village, and still looking round at the mosses and rocks for new curiosities and treasures, we soon crossed the brook in the usual way, leaving aunt Cassie out gathering the mosses of different varieties, for a Winter's pleasure. Elsie explained, Elsie and I went in to prepare supper.

The next day aunt Cassie brought out all the material that we had gathered in the woods into the shady porch, and setting Elsie to separate the pine cones and trim off the base of each leaf, she took the old paper boxes and pasteboard that I had hunted up for her, and shaped them into vases for our parlor. With very thick glue she fastened on one of the vases green moss that grew upon old rails, and different varieties of the dry kind, and twisted a cord of bright red yarn, and suspended it between the front windows, ready to hold a bouquet of straw flowers, and amaranths, and dried grass. She covered another with the separated pine cones, forming layers of them from top to bottom. After both were finished, she cut some oval picture frames of the right size for magazine engravings, and made a central border around the frame of sunflower seeds, and covered the rest with acorns, hemlock cones, and cherry-stones, and filled up all the

interstices with mustard-seed. Father had some furniture varnish, and before the week was out we had given them coats of the same, till they shone with the nicest polish.

Then under aunt Cassie's direction we fastened to the back of the frame some glass, beneath that a picture, and pasted strong paper over all to keep it in place. Nothing was then needed but cord and tassels, and our instructress, apparently ready for any emergency, selected some of the most shapely and compact of the cones, and varnished them and fastened them to a brown woolen cord for tassels. Dear Elsie was in ecstasies. The Falls of Minnehaha, ever ready to meet our gaze in one picture, and a quiet view of woodland, hill, and clouds by Lake George in another. But our work was not yet all done. Our table, with its few scattered books, had always looked bare, and crochet mats and shells had been beyond our means. Accidentally I set a box filled with our miscellaneous gatherings on the table, and an exclamatory, "How pretty!" from aunt Cassie brought our attention to it. It was a hint to be improved upon, and we seized it. First, we made a box of pasteboard a foot square and two inches deep; then we glued unfading moss to the outside edge of the box, and placed a smaller one in the inside of it filled with curious stones and bright-colored pebbles. The vacant space was matted with mosses and lichens fancifully arranged as to color and form. It was beautiful and unfading, and Elsie's eyes filled with happy tears as I thought of the pleasure it would afford our poor lame father, when the Winter drove away the birds and buried the flowers and green leaves under a dreary mantle of snow.

"Rachel, Rachel Cassiday"—Elsie's plaintive call up the staircase came back to me again with the memory of her inquiry and my own sad thoughts and the hopelessness that seemed to settle down upon my heart, and I felt as if I never could thank aunt Cassie enough, not only for what her hand had wrought and taught, but for opening our own thoughts to try to *plan and help ourselves*.

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PLEASURES of the mind are more at command than those of the body. A man may think of a handsome performance, or of a notion that pleases him, at his leisure. This entertainment is ready, with little warning or expense; a short recollection brings it upon the stage, brightens the idea, and makes it shine as much as when it was first stamped upon the memory.—*Jeremy Collier*.



## UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY MARY B. JAMES.

THERE is a merry party in the pilot-house of the Northern Light, a noble steamer, whose prow glances among the isles of the Mississippi gayly as Aurora herself. We are five, with the faithful watcher at the helm, who, beside the ever-turning wheel, is telling us of 'scapes by fire and flood. Below a rainbow encircles the mist about the water dashing from the side wheel, and from the sunset sky is reflected a golden column irradiating the green island shores with a rare beauty. We have left far behind the Trempealeau Hills; three canoes filled with Indians are bearing upon our right, while from a point of land emerges a daughter of the forest, brown and lithe of limb. We look with delight, and a certain novice in the group of travelers in lofty mood thus discourses:

"With knife of bone she carved her food,  
Fuel with ax of stone procured,  
Could fire extract from flint or wood,  
To roughest savage life inured.

In kettles frail of birchen bark  
She boiled her food with heated stones;  
The slippery fish from covert dark  
She drew with hook of jointed bones."

She lifts her blanket, and a corner of it flutters toward us in token of recognition, and she turns there flutters an embroidered blanket, and the chief. From this moment the pilot looks back and leaves the party to comment unassisted upon its surroundings; the conversation attains sublime heights, but the watcher smiles grimly, and steers for Pepin—"lake of tears." A gentle ecstasy pervades the company; we lavish upon the mighty river and upon Minnesota, the land of sky-tinted water, the choicest words of the mother-tongue.

A bold bluff four hundred feet in height, with a bald, craggy summit, looms against the glorious sky. The captain with outstretched finger bids us look upon the Maiden's Rock of the Dakotahs; aglow with the romance of the shadowed height, one of the ladies exclaims, "Who knows the legend of this wonderful rock?" The captain draws from his pocket a curious little book and begs a Pittsburg banker, who up to the few minutes previous had been eloquent upon petroleum and flowing wells, to read the famed Indian story, and he gratified the request. "In the days of the great chief Wapashaw there lived at Keoxa, where the city of Winona now stands, his daughter, a

maiden with a loving soul, his first-born, and named Wee-no-nah. Her chieftain father in his pride had pledged her to his favorite brave, who had trod the war-path many times, and whose head was encircled with Ojibway scalps; but the dusky maiden loved a young hunter, who had wooed her in sweetest strains of Indian melody. In vain the warrior brought his costly gifts and laid them at her feet; Wee-no-nah could not forget her first love. She must be his or die. Wapashaw in his anger banished the hunter from his sight. No more rings her joyous laugh; no more her elastic feet outstrip her companions in the race; no more she braids her hair beside the mirroring waters, but all night long her soul chimed with the mournful notes of the whippowil as she gazed on the pale star above her. Wee-no-nah seeks her lover; mutual vows of constancy are renewed, and then, returning, she feigns compliance with her father's wishes, and watches the preparations for her nuptials with affected interest. With assumed cheerfulness she wanders forth with her companions for berries to grace the feast. Silently she strays away from them; they know it not till a wild death-note strikes their ears. As they moved toward her she waved them back, and, awe-stricken, they obeyed. Fleet as a fawn she bounds toward the precipice. Wild flowers and feathers of gayest plumage adorn her hair, and a snow-white blanket inwraps her form. One moment she pauses on the brink, with upraised hands supplicating Great Spirit, and the next moment she is lying motionless below."

During the unfolding of the story we looked sadly upon Maiden Rock, and at its close the little novice, with suffused eye for the fate of the love-lorn Wee-no-nah, fully determines to write a Romance of the Bluffs, to contain at least four hundred pages. Our pilot, however, during the reading frequently "shed derisive squints," and is the first to break the silence:

"The precise date of that transaction was while Noah was building the ark, and I wish most heartily that when that squaw jumped off there the whole race had gone in after her." Fixing a glance of haughty sarcasm upon the romancing lady, he inquired, "Who was that chap Longfellow made such a fuss about?"

"Hiawatha," she replied in an injured tone, giving the continental sound to all the vowels.

"Yes; well, I have n't heard Longfellow quoted much since the massacre, and I guess you can buy his book pretty cheap now up the river," and he and a St. Paul lady fell to

discussing Sioux raids, the Sissetons, Yanktons, and Assiniboines, with such fervor that the transition of the travelers in less ethereal mood was rapidly and easily made to the *salon* and ample justice rendered to the rare and delicate viands that invitingly awaited their descent.

#### MOONLIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The islands in silver sheen are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." An eternal silence broods over them and the giant guards of the eastern and western shores. It seems as if nature here seeks solitude and defies art or commerce to disturb her repose. "The Lord God reigneth," is written on every green earth-work, on every hill-top. One of the twenty-five hundred excursionists to St. Anthony in 1854 describes thus graphically the celebrated bluffs: "They continue in ever-varying forms for hundreds of miles, bearing a resemblance to the cliffs of the Rhine. They are unique; they have no likenesses; their images can not be described, they must be seen. There is a curious diversity in their form; some have monotonous, heavy outline like the horizon, others run up to a sharp point like the "Aiguilles" of the Alps, and some stand apart, regular cones; but all are covered with rich prairie turf, gentle declivities, or sharp precipices, and the long grass, absolutely shining with the verdure of June and brilliantly embroidered with flowers, waves over the bluffs at some points make the river, then they recede, leaving a belt of level prairie. They are planted upon the summit with oaks mainly, and trees of other species, quite as Downing would have planted them, now in long, serpentine walks, and now in copses, giving to the whole the appearance of a gigantic orchard.

"Midway up the bluffs one sometimes sees a belt of rocks, reminding us of the fragments of walls on the Rhine. The surpassingly-beautiful marvel of all is the mimic castles, or rather the foundations of ruined castles that surmount the pinnacles. These mere rocks of lime and sandstone so mock and haunt one with their resemblance to the feudal fortresses of the Old World, that we unconsciously wonder what has become of the Titan race that built them."

Probably one of the finest views on the whole length of the river, and certainly one of the greatest wonders as yet, but rarely noted by tourists, is at the confluence of the Wisconsin, a half mile from the shore on the western side. The bluffs here are remarkably precipitous, but having attained the summit

one sees below the union of the two rivers. Looking toward the north there extends to the eye twenty-five miles of island, bluff, and river; opposite the far-away eastern hills are lost in the blue haze, rolling out at their feet a grassy plateau, glowing with scarlet and golden bloom, and in the distance gleaming in the light are the white walls of Fort Crawford and the brown roofs of the ancient French town. A narrow path winds to a stream; following this one descends into a gorge, which for bold and rugged scenery can hardly be excelled among the defiles of the Alps. This terminates in a perfect circle of pictured sandstone, composed of fourteen different shades of color, those of white, red, and yellow predominating, and just in the center a water-fall comes down from the high above, mossy, cool, and musical. A descent of fifty feet being made we stand overwhelmed with the presence of a world-creating power; for who goes within that charmed circle of rocks, with their arched grottos and high, many-hued walls carved in all fantastic and graceful forms with God's own finger, surely can not come from thence an infidel. No, impossible. O, beautiful river, flooded with the radiance of the skies, in a moment of exultation we believe thou art immortal, that in the resurrection we shall see thee again as compassing Paradise, and these fairy islands among "the isles of the blessed," in the new earth shall reign the spirit of as well as Infinite love.

As the whippowil is singing, and the minstrelsy of the Northern Light are sending out upon the night air, dewy and fragrant, their richest music, and as we touch our pillows there is woven about them in graceful fantasy in the midsummer night a dream of heaven.

#### OAKS AND WATER-FALLS.

Minnesota during the Summer months is the fairy land of the North; her blue, unnumbered lakes, her groves of maple and oak, her prairies bright with bloom, and her countless brilliant insects floating through the air make one feel that the old Spaniard searching for the fountain of youth and health might here have cried, Eureka!

What delightful days were passed at Hastings, where the welcome of old friends came gratefully to the ear of the wanderer from home! There were cozy chats in the parlor, cool, quiet reading in the library, walks and drives to the Vermilion Falls, to Lakes Rebecca and Isabelle, strolls through gardens and "down by the river side," and these interspersed with strawberries and cream. *Vive la*

*memoire!* But the one par excellence was when, the Mississippi having reached its minimum, six of us in a roomy barouche set out by moonlight for Minne-ha-ha. The Rev. — laid aside his clerical dignity, the ladies were ecstatic and the horses gay. Unexpectedly morning dawned, and what had been to some of us a "matter of faith" became a glowing reality—we saw the sun rise! Gloriously the day broke upon us, and after "Hail, smiling morn," by the whole troupe in chorus, we breakfasted in a grove of oaks by a lake half covered with pond lilies and rosy with shadows of breaking clouds, and then away again for the falls.

Soon the prairie view was broken by heaps of massive stone, railroad embankments, the old St. Pierre River and its French ferryman, and the fortified heights of Fort Snelling—a shield broad and high, which no arrow of savage foe may pierce. As we are now become a military people let us review the early history of this guard of the north-western frontier, where but five years ago its extended grounds were an agricultural depot on State Fair days. Truly, for plowshares we have swords! Its present site was selected and recommended to the War Department in 1817; its original name is Fort St. Anthony, but during its occupancy by Col. Snelling it was changed. During the Black Hawk War in 1832 the mail was carried between this point and Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien by United States soldiers on foot, fourteen days being required to accomplish the distance and return. The first marriage from Fort Snelling was solemnized at Fort Crawford *on the ice*, it is recorded, the parties performing a journey of three hundred miles, there being no one nearer empowered to pronounce the ceremony; further, it is said that this is the only marriage occurring from the fort in eight years, and the historian, by way of apologizing for the fact, states that this bride was the only unmarried lady of the circle for that time! In 1845 the fort, which was originally built of logs, was rebuilt of stone, and is now an ornament as well as a defense to the State.

How sacred are these names in our country's history! Prairie du Chien, so ancient and time-honored, made its transition in 1785 from a temporary encampment of Indians and traders to a hamlet; for seventy-five years previous to this it had been occupied by them. At a council held in this village in 1788 Julien Dubuque obtained permission to work the lead mines at the site of the city now bearing his name, the wife of Peosta, a Fox warrior, hav-

ing eight years before discovered a vein of lead on the western shore of the Mississippi. Iowa, gallant young State, shall never shame the fostering mother of the eastern shore.

As we note the names of the brave men who opened to us this beautiful country we are not unmindful of the noble women who left luxurious homes for inferior dwellings carpeted and hung with buffalo skins. Who can estimate the goodness of the amiable Mrs. Snelling, the heroism of the wives of Gov. Clark and Com. Goodin, the first ladies who ever wintered in Minnesota—the latter, by the way, the first lady to make the trip of the Upper Mississippi, and the first of white women who looked upon the Falls of St. Anthony? Or shall we forget the devotion of Harriet Bishop, the pioneer teacher of St. Paul?

Reverently we pass these fortifications, with their tidy, well-kept buildings and an encampment of soldiers practicing field exercise, and merge into oak groves, proud of our country, and looking long as we can upon her banner floating from the fort. Soon an arched gateway and inclosed grounds announce the proximity of the beautiful water-fall. Impatiently we run from the barouche steps to the over-looking height and gaze upon Minne-ha-ha. Dear little pet!

"Gleaming, glancing through the branches."

At low-water mark she seems in danger of being altogether, and we shall expect her some morning reproduced in the mist or twinkling in dew-drops upon the oak leaves. She is now about the consistency of a lace veil, through whose misty folds we look into the dell and see a rainbow wreathing the spray at her foot. We go behind the veil, and, standing there with God o'erhead and all forms of beauty about us, we bring to mind you, O fellow Clonians, who yet cluster about the Alma Mater in Buckeyeland, and we send you greeting. Surely this is the home of Undine, and with cool, shadowy wings she bids us live with her, a joy forever. But the spirits above beckon us away.

For the geographical sketch given below of the source of Minnehaha, unknown perhaps to many readers, I am indebted to M'dlle Le D., a *compagnon du voyage*, whose enthusiasm for *la belle Riviere* and its northern valley is only equaled by that which she cherishes for *les Champs Elysées*: "Lake Minnetonka, a beautiful sheet of water sixty miles in length, lies between the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers, about fifteen miles from the Falls of St. Anthony. Its outlet, a small stream, after rippling dain-

tily a few miles, gathers again into that beautiful chain, Lake of the Isles, Calhoun, and Harriet. Again the water makes itself a narrow channel, winds quietly through a most charming prairie land, till it reaches the very verge of a precipice, down which it leaps with childish grace full sixty feet. Six miles below the Falls of St. Anthony the waters which so entrance all eyes, unconscious of the beauty they have possessed, lose their identity and become a drop of the Mississippi."

In passing through this charming dell one can but be impressed with the accuracy of Longfellow's description; the rushes, the birch-trees, the "laughing water," all are there, and I fancy the spot where dwelt the "arrow-maker," with his lovely daughter, to have been near what is now the eastern extremity of the bridge spanning the stream a few rods below the falls.

An hour's drive finds us in Minneapolis, a breezy little city, with wide streets and elegant dwellings, and at four o'clock the next morning two of the ladies essay to find the Falls of St. Anthony. Wrought to enthusiasm by the glorious skies and the contemplation of the object of our stroll, we discourse eloquently by the way. We cross the great suspension bridge to Nicollet Island, and dwell with rapture upon the memory of the modest adventurer, Jean Nicollet, then, calling to mind the fragment of legendary lore, we think how long ere the eye of the pale hunter first saw these prairies or his bark had first floated on the waters, when Anpetusapawin was the first of a Dakotah hunter. For a time they lived in happiness, she proving herself a true wife. But her heart clouded. The husband introduced a second wife within the *tépeé*, and the eyes of Anpetusapawin grew sad and her form drooped; but faithful and uncomplaining, she followed her husband on his hunts. One day the band encamped on this wild shore near the Falls of St. Anthony. With tearless eye and nerved by despair, the first wife with her little son walked to the rapid waters. Entering a canoe, she pushed into the swift current, and the chanting of her death-dirge arrested the attention of her husband and the camp in time to see the canoe plunge into the dashing waves. The Dakotahs say that in the mist of the morning the spirit of an Indian wife with a clinging child is seen darting in a canoe through the spray, and that the sound of her death-song is heard moaning in the winds and in the roar of the waters. We pass on; we

"Hear a rushing and a roaring  
Calling to us from the distance."

We approach with fleet step, radiant with poetry and the mystics, almost listening for the wild dirge from Spirit Island, and longing to be disembodied, that we may hold communion with the Dacotah god who dwells under the falls, and lo! there breaks upon our disenchanted vision a highly-respectable mill-dam! Shades of Hennepin! behold the factories, the mills, and the vile drift-wood! Pausing by the springs we drop a silent tear, for the picturesque domain of the old saint is made over to Yankees and wooden nutmegs. I had intended to apostrophize the scene upon beholding it, and had prepared an *impromptu*, but now, alas! warned by a Minnesota appetite, we two go to our hotel and take breakfast, a wholesome antidote for disappointed hopes. The homeward drive that night is ever to be remembered, not omitting the moonlit serenade at St. Paul. Crown of the hills, Mississippi's pride, apostolic city, shrine of Northern pilgrims, we give thee greeting and adieu in the same hour.

From Hastings the week following our party takes a series of infantine steamers, each containing invariably fifty ladies to be divided among sixteen state-rooms, and the gentlemen distributed crosswise upon the floor of their cabin. We are packed, stewed, sandwiched, and treated in a variety of respects as though we were express packages. At Alma, a city containing one hotel, one warehouse, and nine saloons, the Northern Light, of blessed memories, flashes and gleams upon us. Hastening aboard we resume our original dimensions and take courage, and immediately thereafter happily encounter Rev. Dr. Crary and party on a devout pilgrimage between the two *Saints*. A few hours' pleasant though not rapid sailing brings us home, and we set foot on the Iowa shore, fully persuaded that our great river was never made to flow through a divided country.

THE Sabbath is the loveliest, brightest day in all the week to a spiritual mind. These rests refresh the soul in God that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul that sets it free to mind its own business which has other days to attend to the business of its servant, the body? And these are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal Sabbath, and rest on Him forever who is the only rest of the soul.—*Leighton*.



## THE TWO KNAPSACKS.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

WIFE, do you hear the doves cooing out of the glen,  
Above the whetting of scythes and the talk of the  
busy men?

And into the chamber's shadows the afternoon sun-  
shine peers,  
Through the curtaining scarlet creepers flinging its  
golden spears.

So come the thoughts and the dreams of the days that  
forever are lost,  
Cheering my old tired head so bowed with the slow  
years' frost.

Making less tedious the waiting for the call that not  
long will part  
Us, who from life's Spring to its Autumn were one in  
life and heart.

Ruth, look how the rays gild the knapsacks hung by  
the door!

Loop up the curtains that I may behold them once  
more:

The one I bore in '12, through sunny weather and  
storm,

Under the brave old flag whose name makes my heart  
grow warm.

The other is little Robert's, my curly-haired, blue-eyed  
pet;

He is a man now, did you say? ah, yes, but I often  
forget;

When last at home I know he was tanned, bearded,  
and tall—

Hark! is that not the echo of his free step in the hall?

Ah, how well I remember when he sat on my knee  
the noon,

And answered the merry birds, piping through the  
sweet air of June

From the trees that were ruddy with cherries, and at  
dusk mocked the low of the kine

As they came up the dewy lane, crushing out odors of  
thyme.

And earlier than that, I steadied his feet when he  
learned to walk alone;

It seems scarce a week and a day since then, and you  
say my Rob is grown,

And 'listed under the flag—God bless him! Ruth, can  
it be a year

That moistens these dim old eyes, unwet for many and  
many a year?

My brain is a little dazed sometimes, and I dream this  
war is the same

That I bore yon old knapsack in, and it set my cold  
blood aflame

When they fired on the Stripes and Stars; so, hearing  
the drum and fife,

I sprang up without my crutch, as though yet in the  
heyday of life.

Wife, do you mind how the music floated adown the  
street,

And you stood under the old, gnarled tree, so brave,  
yet so girlish and sweet,  
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When, with my rifle over my shoulder, I came to say  
good-by,

And you trembled like a reed in the wind, but never  
uttered a cry?

I carried the picture in my heart for many and many  
a day,

That little, lithe figure under the leaves through which  
a sunbeam astray

Fell on your soft brown hair till its waves were like  
burnished gold,

And I took a white rose that fluttered softly down  
from your bodice fold.

It is in the old knapsack yet, my wife, but, like me,  
has past its prime,

And a drop of blood is on it, for it 't was close to my  
heart at the time

I was wounded at Chippewa; give it here and let me  
show

How I want it placed above my heart when its pulses  
are beating slow;

And let them leave it there when I'm dead; I would  
like to see Rob before—

But never mind, we will meet again some day on the  
better shore.

Why don't you speak to me, Ruth? the dusk is begin-  
ning to fall,

And listen! yes, good-night, I must answer the Master's  
call.

When lights were brought and the grandchildren came  
trooping into the room,

With musical talk and laughter breaking the pleasant  
gloom,

When old man had answered the call he heard through  
the twilight air,

With a smile on her withered lips, lay  
in the great arm-chair.

When the faded rose in his tight-clasped hands,  
and when they laid them to rest

Side by side in the quiet church-yard, they left it upon  
his breast.

The starry blue garlands of myrtle are trailing above  
them this Spring,

And the robins among the blossoms softly their re-  
quiems sing.

## PRAYER.

BY MISS H. A. FOSTER.

WHEN blessings cluster round our way,

And skies are bright and fair,

O, let the heart its tribute pay—

Its gratitude in prayer.

But should afflictions dim the scene,

Its darkest hours we'll dare,

While on a mighty arm we lean

And find relief in prayer.

How sweet the thought through smiles and tears,

Life's sorrow, joy, or care,

Our Heavenly Father ever hears

And answers fervent prayer!

## LES HORIZONS CELESTES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNTESS DE GASPARIN.

BY ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

THERE have been seasons in the history of our world when its general tone was unruffled, yea, gay. The note which prevailed over all others from peasant's hut to regal palace was then clear and serene. The chord that vibrates through the earth at this hour, sending forth its strain by the side of rippling river, amid the noise of crowded thoroughfares in city, and stealing among denser solitudes of country, is a low, sad moan charged with tears. It is, in truth, one immense sigh—a regret for joys that are lost, grief at accumulated woes, an ardent thirst never slaked after the unattained. Yes, it is all this, and more. We are reaching forward to that of which we know nothing. There are latent aspirations toward the good age to come; there is an unquenchable desire for deliverance, a powerful struggle to be established in light and truth, and when man comes before me in such phase he appears like some noble, fast-fettered being who, stretching his arms heavenward, cries out for redemption.

Tell me not, then, with all these grand identities and infinite longings, that on the great day when these bodies shall awake from their sleep, our beloved dead, for whom these bodies have never ceased to mourn, will be no more than a mere shadowy memory. No, death brings about no such new creation, it is simply a renovation. God, from whom emanates the eternity of our affections, can never give us some unknown being in place of our cherished dead, whose image has ever been so fondly, so sacredly guarded within our very soul. Ah, no; he will call back to perfect life the lost ones whom our hearts have loved, still love, and hope shall never be deceived. O, the divine virtue of compassion in our God who still preserves a germ visible to himself alone in those buried ashes, wherein is contained the vitality our weak faith once feared was forever extinct. As the grain of corn comes forth from its dust with the early Spring and Summer rains, green, full of youth, a charm to the eye and joy of the heart, so shall his or her dead body be arrayed with new, fresh life—made a glorious body, incorruptible, like unto that Christ who rose from the dead as its divine conqueror, and who will in like manner call forth our well-beloved.

April smiles on the earth. Come with me and let us seat ourselves beneath this trellis.

Observe the vine that clings to and spreads itself on the surface of this old wall and hangs above us in such umbrageous shade. Here, underneath this canopy, stands a marble urn, from which breathes out a sweet Spring perfume. It is the violet which comes forth, the first of God's flowery messengers to a Winter-locked earth. It glances up with bright, cheerful eye even through melting snows. Now take this bow that bends above the little plant and break it from the parent shrub. Nothing but wood, apparently dead wood, say you; yet look more carefully. The dry branch bleeds, there are tiny buds beginning to swell, and within are roseate petals. It is the first promise of fruit on the peach-tree. Here is another withered rod, seemingly lifeless as the other, yet even now there are clusters forming on its brown trunk that are destined to burst forth golden as the wings of a butterfly. It is the cecyde, and these buds half open, having white petals just touched with carnation, are swells of the chestnut-tree. Death is similar to all these. An infinite variety in life, each having its own peculiar brightness, each with its own perfume, each unfolding itself "when the set time has come," till at last we detect their sweet breath on every gentle breeze.

Thus shall it be in God's most holy acre. A night of sorrow, a shadow of the grave, and then the stubble-field becomes a gorgeous meadow, from whence bees carry off their Summer treasure. The dormant, trailing larvæ is transformed into radiantly-winged hosts of the air. What say you to these miracles? They tell me of a God whose essence is love, and whose omnipotent power will give us back our dead. Sown in corruption, it shall be raised in incorruption; sown in dishonor it shall be raised in glory. Jesus can clothe his children, however frail and abject they may be, with a bright and glowing immortality. And how is it, then, with the deformed and unlovely? To preserve identity, must they not be deformed and unlovely still? We do not believe there can exist unnatural distortions in heaven, for such a form would seem a cruel burlesque on its perfection of delight. Yet in truth is there such a thing as irremediable deformity? Do the features or proportions alone make up the perfection of an individual, or is it not rather the soul? Look at this contorted, marred visage. Take from him intelligence and he is positively hideous; you turn away that your eyes may not behold the dreadful spectacle. Now introduce under this repulsive mark a grand idea. Let a brilliant spark scintillate about the deformed, and you regard him with-

out painful effort. Animate the whole with a noble sentiment, and the flame burns steadily upward, so that you not only contemplate the person with a degree of satisfaction, but are actually attracted toward him. How often does love, a pure, a generous love, throw its benign light over such a countenance, and—we do not mock you when we say—the features become beautiful! You have, no doubt, witnessed this marvelous transfiguration. Yes, there is such an hour to many of us—perhaps but one in a lifetime—when the unlovely becomes full of beauty in our eyes; an hour, it may be, of strong passion, an hour of sovereign elevation, an hour when the soul reigns supreme. Indeed, where the spirit is lovely beautiful becomes its habitation. Eternal redemption is written on that brow in letters of fire.

Death often makes these wonderful revelations to us. In watching the dying believer has it not seemed strange that you could so calmly exclaim, "It is well with him—it is well for me!" And yet who that looked upon the wondrous transformation could feel otherwise? You remember the tranquil light spread over loved lineaments in such an hour when it seemed the face of an angel upon which you were gazing. Thus, no doubt, appeared the holy martyr as, being stoned, he knelt down, and through the opening heavens contemplated Jesus at the right hand of God. After the last sigh has been exhaled, the last word spoken, ah, what dignity, what ineffable beauty rests on the dear, familiar features! The body had suffered much. It was perhaps weak, it was infirm; in a word, it was full of misery. Death comes with a mysterious hand, and brings down rays from heaven to rest in a kind of ideal youth upon the marble brow. There are flowers which give out their perfume only in the night; there are faces that bloom with beauty only in death. Thus does it often happen that the more seamed and wrinkled heretofore, the fairer and smoother the forehead appears now. There is an expression of meek submission illuminated by a ray of hope—a serene light spread over features which have become straightened into ideal lines, as if that hand from which emanates all supreme beauty had passed over them. This peace, this sublime dignity all say to us, "Only believe; in a little time we shall be together with our Lord."

I wish to relate to you one of the emotional events of my life, and which occurred in the crypt of a church at Palermo. We had descended a flight of steps without much knowledge of our destination, when on reaching the

damp flooring, we found ourselves walking through the midst of a double row of skeletons. Our sensation in this strange place was one more of amazement than terror. Yet it must be confessed the view was very lugubrious. The dead men stood upright, clothed in brown robes, which floated around their fleshless bones. Their hands were crossed above their breasts, and bore in them a small escutcheon, whereon was written the name of each, and thus calling attention more forcibly to their hideousness—to the strange and varied attitudes, where the grotesque merges itself into the horrible. The portals of our own Gothic cathedrals offer no such scenes for contemplation. Nevertheless, we experienced no fear, but simply a solemn awe. Death presented his material side only—the sad, repugnant side—yet where we could still detect a human resemblance. In a word, we felt even here that God could make these dead bones live.

In the adjoining passage, however, was reserved for us a far more horrible spectacle. All along the walls, as on the high deck of a ship, extended stone couches similarly cut, and on these couches, clothed in sumptuous robes, with gloved hands, lay the skeletons of women, their faces shriveled to parchment, their eye-sockets empty, their mouths wide open, and on the head of each a crown of flowers, as if they were queens at human pride. Century upon century all the pomp of court toilet, amid the stately odor, had they lain there, and the atmosphere filled with the perfume of death that filters through every deep cave in this dismal vault. Standing before these decayed forms, this inexorable destruction, facing as we did this burlesque on mundane vanities, I felt the blood congeal within my veins. Yet the acme of horror was not reached till, turning from this gallery, the light of our guide's torch glanced over an open pit. The lurid light, flashing through the smoke of his flambeau, showed us the spot where "lie remains without a name"—humid, infectious, and that lined the sides of this dreary grave. Our guide in a sepulchral voice, or so it sounded to our excited fancy, said, "Here is the dust of those who lie here. When a large heap collects then we sweep it off in that deep pit." Heavens! what a thought! I stood paralyzed, and yet my hand plunged itself spasmodically in the strange, weird powder. Withdrawing it, I gazed as in a trance on the dust which still clung to my fingers. Then for the first time a cruel doubt plowed its deep furrow through my soul. As I hastened from this funereal place, and was



remounting the steps leading to the nave of the Church, at the point where daylight first begins to glimmer along the damp walls. Suddenly my eyes rested upon these letters, as if placed there by design, I. N. R. I., and a voice seemed to echo, very near my heart, "Believest thou that I am able to do this? and my soul answered, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, I believe in very truth that thou wilt change these vile bodies, that they may be made like unto thy glorious body," and from that day I have never doubted the resurrection of the dead, nor our personal identity at that grand assize.

#### EVELYN LEE; OR, A WASTED LIFE.

MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

(CONCLUDED.)

DEAR MRS. R.,—Your kind letter deserved an immediate answer, yet I shall still hope for pardon, after having made full confession of the reason for delay. I shrank from reporting to you my social condition. The first desire was to sit down and unfold to you a history of blight and tears. Then the conventionalities of society came up—how could I rehearse to a stranger what I seldom repeat to personal friends?

You were then anticipating me, enjoying the first month of wedded life. I have no tie of such deep interest as you lay late you upon the noble love so faithfully reciprocated. May Heaven bless and keep you happy! Years ago I too was married. Young and trusting, smooth words and artifice won me; while my spirit was light and free, I launched my bark on the matrimonial sea, and sailed away from the port of home. Then came disappointments and sickness, neglect and cruelty. Seven bitter years passed, and I was flying from the unavoidable fury of my husband, a helpless babe in my arms, seeking of strangers protection for my life, broken in heart, hopeless in prospect. But He who kept me through years of suffering, gave me friends at last.

All deep wounds have scars, and I can but mourn over the best years of my life, now like the remains of a fire which had well-nigh consumed me. I am teaching. My mind must have active employment, or darling Eva would soon be motherless.

Truly, yours,

EVELYN.

February, 18—.—Yesterday was my birthday. How I shrink from the thought of having lived

so long to so little purpose! How disappointment has baffled every aim! A tender flower to raise, and I with little support save from daily exertion! Lord, strengthen my trust in thee!

May is passing by with her garments of gladness, her blue flowers, and new histories, into rose-wreathed June. The forest will then revel in supreme attractions. Now the springing grass, and broadening leaf, and filling bud are hastening to readiness for the coming month. But I shall not meet June in the attire of joy; that was worn when life was in its May; but I buried my hopes ere the June-time was over.

EVELYN.

July has come—will its banner over me be as heretofore? Yesterday I was too ill to teach; after disbanding my little school, passed the day in recruiting. Like a spent wave, or the last sand in the hour-glass, is the ebbing of energies to my overtasked faculties. I must have change of scene. There must be a rallying of all my mental forces, or Lethean stupor will o'ermaster me. I have little physical strength to resist the oppressive heat; so mind must dictate while flesh obeys. A shrinking from close thought or the further prosecution of studies, warns me that I must not yield, cost what it may to continue the struggle.

EVELYN.

Dr. T. says, "Few ever rise to eminence without aid, and that too of the most efficient kind. Wealth, the stimulus of honor, the assistance of professors, are necessary, and the most unyielding heroism is to be added, if successful." Now, dare I look at self, with a thirst for knowledge from childhood, with an untiring diligence in gaining all that I could; cast upon my own efforts—still aiming for an honorable position in society, for the cultivation of every power of mind, every faculty of being which the great Giver has intrusted to my keeping—with warm affections, a true love for every thing beautiful in sight, or sound, or thought—how have I drifted away from the grand star of earthly aim! Early married, wasting health, domestic ruin, seven years of precious time rolled by, and escape found me with the seal of sorrow, burned upon my brain, and heart, and outward being—one spark of immortality given me for guidance through the great valley of the future. Yet the desire for intellectual worth is sleepless. No mortal lip has ever said to me, "I will assist you;" none has ever known of my unsatisfied want beyond the narrow limit of every-day existence. Lord help me; sanctify my desires to thy glory.

EVELYN;



*Oct.,—Havana.*—Three weeks from the place where my lamb is sheltered and no tidings received. No means of intercourse are possible, except epistolary, and I can ill bear suspense. The world is joyless at best; every unnecessary pang makes havoc upon the frame so ready to sink. Sad and silent in company, I come to my room for the rain to fall, only for relief. Alone! What it costs me to leave Eva will never be known till the record of the All-Seeing is read to men and angels.

*Nov., 18—*—The sun is struggling through the smoky atmosphere of Indian Summer; the air is warm and soft, giving to me that hush of spirit and tenderness of thought which go out to seek spiritual companionship. The forests are clothed in gorgeous robes. Why may I not worship the Invisible in these his works? They have never deceived me, nor pained my heart with any reproaches.

EVELYN.

*Dec., 18—*—To-day, had Alice lived, would have been her birthday.

"Now she is with the bright host numbered  
In the shining worlds of bliss;  
I still linger, earth incumbered,  
On the shores of this."

Peace to thy memory, my gentle sister!

Past, present, and future! I admire that present life which wakens the bird's song, which rings out in the laughter of childhood—in the growing verdure and opening flower. Yet attached to all is something of the past, something for the future. The green leaf on the oaken limb is where the snow of Winter lay; that leaf will change when the frosts of Autumn paint it anew; it will be whirling upon the caprice of the wind, it will perish. Could I know my future as truly! The past is full of memories, of pictures, of words; the present is peaceful resignation.

— 18—There is an adoration, an ideal perfection which goes out with earthly love, which should rise above the creature to the Creator. God requires the supreme place in affection, a yielding of will, a resignation in trial. I turn my eye upward, the sun is bright above me, the storm has passed over me, and turning my eye inward find that I have been learning a lesson of the Father's teaching. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." These galling memories are soothed by the assurance that they can last but a little while, the brief period of time; while the eternity of heaven will never have one moment to mar the soul's rapture.

EVELYN.

*February 14.*—How thought is going back to the "dim long ago," when I was in the cabin

of a large steamer, with one who professed to be my true Valentine! Light and merry rang my words, for I was going home—home to Alice, my heart's true sister, to meet smiles and welcome from a fond family; to hear that my old teacher was sick, and to make a life-long regret that I did not visit him. Now, Alice is dead, and the old teacher is dead, and I am but a wreck of what I was that sunny Valentine day. Two years to-day my sad face and history stirred loving lines from a pen, a hand, which now lie in a suicide's grave. Some tears will fall. I can write no more.

EVELYN.

*March night.*—Like a lightning-shivered tree, with one green limb beside, stands out my wasted life. The sweet prattle of my child bids me strive and struggle on. The lighter vessels ride with freedom, but the freight of my bark is heavy and corroding. Now and then a gust fills the sail so suddenly that it well-nigh foundered. Have mercy, O my Father! EVELYN.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"—Cain.

"Were you upon the hill last night?"  
"Why?" Not that I could not have gone, for I was at the lecture. Was it because I could not appreciate the beautiful? Had the rock and river, the world above and that below, bathing in the pure air and mellow moonlight, no charms for me, soothing and holy beyond reason? Would rudeness have marred my speech? My friendly speeches rendered me insufferable? Was I a stranger; the acquaintance I had so readily recognized upon other occasions. Was it my social position? I may challenge the world to find a shadow upon my name. The God who has created within me such a burning thirst for intellectual companionship will not mock its intensity. I now see that I have not been as diligent a writer, as earnest a thinker as I might have been. Henceforth my gifts shall be cultivated with all of my ransomed powers. May I live to see the day when pompous envy shall lie harmless at my feet! May the crucible now heated to agony bring out the gold, yea, the finest gold of my nature!

EVELYN.

Cover her gently! the dear old grandmother! She lived to within ten years of a century; now she is earth-weary, cover her gently, and let her rest.

Let me tell you of a great sorrow under which she writhed a score of years; but it is over now. She had a son, her youngest born, whom she watched grow up to manhood. He had a proud spirit, and was endowed with strong mind. The world was wide and rich;

he would seek fortune away from his native hills; so with a promise of no distant return he departed. The yellow fever was sweeping off hundreds in a southern city; thither he was going, and then to return home. He went, but never came back! There was a timid girl whom he had loved; not even to her did any tidings ever come. How the mother suffered! Long nights and days were spent in prayer that God would mercifully restore the lost. Then came a blow more crushing than all the rest. Rumor said that he was in the dungeon of a distant city for capital crime! Suspense and soul-harrowing days rolled on, and a criminal was found bearing the family name. He was visited in his cell, and to the joy of those who sought was found to be a stranger. He for whom they looked had eyes of night's own hue, the prisoner's were of the lightest azure; the lost was bent by weakness in the chest, the criminal was as straight as an arrow, a very athlete in frame. The falsehood of the report was fully proven, yet the dishonor of such a report ever having an existence, shut off the confidence of sympathy, and during the last years of her life she seldom spoke his name—seldom that her tremulous voice repeated the story of her grief. Rest thee, heart-worn grandmother!

EVELYN.

18.—Teaching boys and girls soon to be men and women. Teaching what may be untaught, something to be remembered when gray hairs are on their temples, and their now rosy cheeks are furrowed. Many a lesson will be lost, many a word forgotten, yet something will remain, however trivial or little worth; and I know that some of these children will speak my name when my form is covered with turf. There are others, hundreds of others, who have clustered around me day by day, now in the busy scenes of mature life. O, for an honorable memory!

These lovely Sabbath evenings I was standing on an upper piazza as a stream of red light came from the west; the blue sky was clear, a bird or two were singing in the old trees near the house, a violin struck by skillful fingers was giving out an old, sweet melody, a merry group were conversing in a piazza below, and my young friend Annie was idly thrumming a Church tune on the piano, when such a sense of beauty, of sight, and sound, and thought swept over me, that tears were flowing ere aware of the spell these surroundings had cast upon me.

July, 18.—The term is closing. The last days are slowly dying, for they have longer hours to the pupil panting for freedom from books, and

to the teacher pining for distant loved ones. How will the vacation be spent? will any sicken and die? What changes may occur ere the labors of the school-room are resumed again!

July 11th once more.—Ah, it has lines burned in my brain, uncovered once a year to deepen and blacken their traces. Seven years to-night takes me back to a scene, such as no painter ever drew—no pen could ever give an entire record. It was the last wave over a sinking ship, and I was drifting on a shoreless, midnight sea. O God, how my soul would bless thee for preserving my life, my child, my reason in that twenty-four hours of despair seven years ago!

EVELYN.

December, 18.—It is all over now. She is educated—her position is secure—she mingles with the ransomed and the holy. Little did I dream that she so soon would be with the angels. "Do you love the Savior?" "Yes, ma'am." "He loves you, Eva. He has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" Two hours later and she was with him. Who dare dispute my *heart is broken*? Like a caged bird panting for freedom, having beaten the iron bars of circumstance till its wings are broken, what joy can liberty bring? None to the hopeless bird—none to me.

EVELYN.

You have read enough; was not hers a wasted life? Whose was the sin, where was the wrong? A broken harp in a maniac's hand seemed and notes she was ever ringing.

### GONE

BY MERRILL A. BARCOCK.

A SUNBEAM to the sky has gone,  
Back to the sky that gave it birth,  
A note is missing from your song,  
'T will ne'er be found again on earth.

An early flower has faded, died,  
The frailest flower in all the wreath  
You held so dear, and long you tried  
To shield it from the chill of death.

That sunbeam now divinely pure  
Shall cheer you in its native sphere,  
That flower, too fragile to endure  
The blights and blasts that smote it here,

Developed by a hand Divine,  
Shall bless you in its native bowers.  
Alas, we many garlands twine,  
But cypress wreaths alone are ours!

Then, stricken hearts, cease, cease your plaint,  
Mourn not your flow'et's early blight,  
Rejoice that heaven receives a saint  
Though earth has lost a sunbeam's light.

## HOW WE BECOME ACQUAINTED.

BY MRS. H. C. WARDNER.

TO be introduced to a person according to regular etiquette, and to exchange the inevitable remarks in regard to one's health or the weather, is not to become acquainted. The ceremony but opens the way for farther intercourse if it be desirable, but it gives us no knowledge of each other.

The other evening, after witnessing a number of these introductions in a friend's parlor, the formula of words used seemed to fasten upon my attention, and I began to muse upon this simple question, How do people become acquainted with each other?

We all know some hundreds of people with whom we have never exchanged a word, and the closest intimacy would scarcely enable us to understand them better; but all the while they do not know us at all. And numbers of people, to whom we never gave a thought or associate them in any way with ourselves, know us like a book.

We have peculiar facilities for knowing our public men, the platform and pulpit orators of the day. Week after week we gather in the lecture-room and the church sanctuary, and they pour out upon us the accumulated mass of thought wrought out in the great laboratory of the mind, or palm upon us a vapid eloquence which we are often too shallow ourselves to recognize as counterfeit. We get used to the speaker's individuality, his way of handling his subject, so that as soon as he shows us his theme, we can guess shrewdly how he will dispose of it. We come to know every change of his features and the meaning thereof; every inflexion of his voice and the exact emphasis and portent of every gesture. And, as a public man, we know him thoroughly without his being aware of our existence.

We could cultivate a further acquaintance without his permission or knowledge, if Fortune would but obtain for us a private ticket of admission to his studio or mental workshop. We could well afford to dispense with his revealed presence, while we caught up the thread-like clues which opened to us his inner life. It would not take long to note the volumes most used, and therefore to be accepted as indexes of the student's bent and the character of his hobbies.

A glance at the arrangement of the room would decide his pretensions to refinement. Another hand may have given neatness and grace to window draperies and furniture; may

have grouped the delicate flowers in the little vase on the table; may have artistically hung the pictures and maps in the best light for each, but yet there is an indescribable something—if only the stale fumes of his last pipe—which tells us of the habitual occupant. The observant eye takes in every hint, and the one-sided acquaintance progresses rapidly and without effort. It would be a pleasant thing if we could put on the invisible cap celebrated in fairy lore, and without any bother or cost from tickets, trunks, or bandboxes, journey like one of old up and down the earth and walk to and fro in it, on a visiting tour to the sanctums of our great men and renowned scholars, and, like Samson's fair wife, find out in what their strength consisteth.

Such a tour would afford more satisfaction than traveling in foreign countries in search of famous places and the inanimate relics of a dead past; paying prices for the discomforts of the journey that—like those set forth in the truthful advertisements of our merchants—"defy competition," wasting our time in poking about among moldy ruins, measuring dirty old statues or obelisks, and staring into all those dens and caves and holes where something curious or sacred is supposed to be, but isn't.

It is true that women have so little curiosity that they very seldom attempt these foreign explorations, unless incited thereto by their relatives, who, unused to the care of a household at home, are loth to undertake it. There are occasional exceptions, like Madame Pleiffer; but women are naturally lovers of home and home comforts, and are slow to leave the happiness in possession for the uncertain felicity of gratifying a peering inquisitiveness. Not that any one of them would object to the invisible tour which we are considering, or fail to appreciate the peculiar benefits of the impenetrable incognito.

The very idea of the acquaintances thus surreptitiously formed has a certain fascination for us. We fancy ourselves entering the sacred retirement of genius, like a mist, and perching ourselves like Poe's raven upon some "marble bust of Pallas, just above the chamber door." From thence we leisurely look down upon the unconscious student and gauge his intellectual powers. It does not take long to determine his right to public respect. Ah, well, the invisible cap was worn out long ago, and we can venture upon no new method of knowing each other. Indeed, we need none till our human nature becomes less transparent.

Were you ever sick for a long time—shut up in one room for weary months, without books,



and with only yourself, your nurse, and the occasional brief visit of your physician, to think about? And after a tiresome, *unutterably tiresome* space, which you can not bear to remember now, were you permitted at last to recline in the easy chair by the window, with the curtains drawn up, for an hour or more every morning?

If so, let me congratulate you upon the acquaintances then formed. The neat housekeeper over the way, who washed her windows every week both outside and inside; who got every member of her family out of bed before day dawn, so as to air the rooms and the bedding; who spent every moment that could be spared from other duties in vain efforts to turn out of doors that obstinate fly; who invariably, and in all sorts of weather, met her sons and her husband at the door armed with clothes-brushes and shoe-brushes, and nearly knocked their breath out in attempting to detach imaginary lint or feathers from their attire; who yet found golden opportunities to souse a forlorn-looking dog in a tub of lukewarm water to clear out embryo fleas—how soon and how thoroughly you knew that woman!

But not better than you soon knew every body on your street, from the big lazy man on the hill who petted cats and rabbits, and grumbled over the food provided by the labor of his slender, self-sacrificing wife, to the storekeeper on the farthest corner, whose daughter was his best customers.

There was a fair child living in one of the cottages. She was the light of the dwelling. Her laugh and her song had the careless ring of childhood in their musical utterance, but, by some indefinable sympathy, you knew directly that she was motherless. You knew that the brown, luxuriant curls that rippled over her shoulders and were powdered with gold-dust by the sunlight, would be smoothed by the mother's caressing touch never more; that the face and form so beautiful were but a sweet and living copy of one who rested in dreamless slumber upon the green-covered couch of the dead. You watched her at play with her brothers; as she passed with buoyant step on her way to school, or as she ran to meet her father on his return from his day's labor. If you had been a member of the family, you could not have understood better that she was one of the sunbeams of earth, and that a double shadow would rest upon the household if it were deprived of the childish charm and grace of her presence.

How soon the persons who daily passed along the street became familiar! In some way they

spoke to you; not intentionally, for they knew nothing of you, felt no interest in you, and had no disposition to be confidential with you. But, in defiance of their reserve, you found out a conversational element in them. Unconsciously, but without deception, they revealed themselves to you. The least hitch of the elbows or shrug of the shoulders had its meaning. There were eloquent words on every patch of the man's blouse and trowsers, and an unearthly language in the woman's bonnet, with its hoddie-like projection. The little boy's cap, which showed by its strange shape that it was full before he tried to put his head in it, was a lexicon of juvenile knowledge, and whole courses of lectures lurked in the holes of his boots and mittens.

To know ourselves is a hard matter; so hard that the most of us give up the attempt at the outset; and though the Scriptures require this self-knowledge, there is no study in which we are so backward, or in which we make such sublimely-ridiculous mistakes. It is a difficult matter to turn our eyes inward. We used to be scolded if we tried to do it when we were young, because of the danger of being cross-eyed. The oblique, almond-shaped eyes of the modern romances were not popular with our parents and teachers, and we grew up in consequence with a habit of taking straightforward views of matters and things without which we could hardly have prosecuted the acquaintance of the world without being known to them as well. A great while ago I heard a lady complain of the cold-hearted people among whom her lot was temporarily cast. "I can not get acquainted," she said. "I go to Church every Sabbath, but no one speaks to me. I scarcely know a soul in the place." Poor woman! Yet hers is no isolated case. The grievance is a common one, and it does not indicate heartlessness so much as thoughtlessness.

It is not well to depend upon the accidental and often capricious notice of strangers for companionship. We need society, and it is as true as ever that "it is not good for man to be alone." Women bear it better. They have a thousand ingenious ways of cheating solitude, but they can not be healthily developed in shade and silence. They need the enlivening influence of social chat and the interchange of sympathy, and they are not ashamed to value at their true worth all those delicious tidbits of gossip which men affect to despise, but for the hearing of which they strain every nerve to get within earshot of a woman's tongue. In spite of covert sneers and open protestations, every bright woman knows that in the glib sweetness of her



piquant news items lies a vast amount of attraction for the other sex.

I could not help pitying my lady friend who seemed to be cut off from the enjoyment of this feminine recreation and refreshing stimulus. I uttered every soothing condolence that I could think of, and I gave her also this crafty counsel: "Be patient; because there is no use in being any thing else. If people are offish and cool, and determined to have nothing to do with you, let them have their way. Humor them, but do it pleasantly. Let the sweet serenity of your nature show itself. But get acquainted with them at any rate. In this business they are helpless. You hold the cards and can play them to suit yourself. They may shut themselves into the heart of an iceberg, but you can nose them out *if you are a woman*. And when you come to know them perfectly, how thankful you will be, in many cases, that they would not know you! The heart which was so wounded and bruised by their neglect, will exhibit a marvelous recuperative power. It will have learned a lesson of self-respect and self-reliance also."

Was not this good advice? It was not a random exhortation, given without a personal experience of its philosophy. Once upon a time, it may have been a dozen or fifteen years ago, it does not matter which, I went to live in a very aristocratic neighborhood. The small religious society of which my husband was pastor, owned no parsonage, and every tenement in the region of the church was occupied.

At last, by a wonderful stroke of luck, somebody vacated a dwelling in the very lap of gentility, and we lost no time in establishing ourselves in the empty nest. We were several weeks in getting comfortably settled, and could not help appreciating the delicate refinement which left us quite to ourselves till our necessary confusion could be reduced to order; but there came a time at last when we had leisure to look about us. At first I could n't help feeling a little grand on account of our aristocratic surroundings, and if there was a shade of pomposity in my deportment as I polished my cooking-stove or scoured out the black depths of the huge kettles, it was excusable under the circumstances.

I have, as the wife of an itinerant preacher, lived in various places, but I never got so well acquainted any where else. Not a person in the neighborhood came near me or seemed to be aware of my existence. I was young in those days, and rather sociable than otherwise, and I could not understand why my company should not be desirable.

In my extremity a bright thought occurred to me. I have kept it pickled down ever since ready for use. It is the same idea which I have been endeavoring to illustrate; namely, people may ignore us altogether, but it does not hinder our knowing them.

I made the study of those aristocratic neighbors a part of my daily business. I mixed them in with botanical specimens and analyzed them root and branch; I stuck to their mental anatomy till I knew just how they were made up, till I could distinguish the vacuums left in them by nature from those caused by education, and I weighed them, soul, body, and spirit, in my own balances, which I had proved to be reliable.

At this late day it would be difficult for them to find an abler or more willing pen than mine to wriggle through their biographies or to delineate their chief characteristics. While many a closer intimacy has faded away and its associations become dim in my memory, that dear neighborhood rises up before me unaltered, and the people seem as fresh and *green* as ever.

We make many acquaintances in traveling, or we used to do so before "this cruel war" deluded every body with the idea that there was important news in every morning journal. Now our eyes are so glued to the long columns where the startling items should be, but are not that we could journey from Boston to the boundary of out West, without being ignorant, in regard to our associates in the world, if we had staid at home. Alas, what a falling away since the good old times of three years ago, when we used to be on the alert at every way-station, and scan with wide-open eyes the physiognomies which passed out and the fresh faces which came in!

We found no difficulty in determining the caste or social position of each. The big red-faced woman who wore a bonnet like a horticultural fair inside, with a whole poultry-yard of feathers on the top; who carried a carpet-bag and valise in one hand and a bandbox and umbrella in the other; who delayed every body by filling up the door-way and then came bustling along the aisle, turning us all out right and left as if she had been an immense snow-plow; it did n't take a moment to find a proper label for her or to get her on the right shelf. We knew instinctively that no polished cabinet furnished such specimens.

Well-bred people are not always noticeable unless something occurs to bring us directly in contact with them; but the merest novice in the art of observing, knows perfectly that they never choose a railway car in which to exhibit

costly attire, jewelry, or the general fashions of the drawing-room. The cultivated taste has a sense of fitness in such matters that will not be outraged or neglected. A knowledge of this has often served as well when forming our ailing acquaintances in places of public resort, and it embodies a safe general rule for our judgment.

When, the other evening at a lecture, we saw a heavy gold chain worn outside a young lady's shawl, we did not wonder at the spontaneous ejaculation of an old gentleman near us, "Umph! a factory girl!"

On a settee just in front of me was a tall, finely-formed gentleman, dressed most fashionably, with his sleek hair parted up and down the back of his very long head as straight as a chimney. I pleased myself with conjecturing what sort of a face would harmonize with so well-groomed a skull, when he partly turned round and with the *hauteur* of a militia captain pulled off his glove to wind a magnificent gold chronometer. Eheu! what a dirty hand! Every finger nail was dressed in mourning. He might have personated the Prince of Wales traveling in disguise had he not thus unwittingly proclaimed that he kept no servant to clean him.

It is curious to note the amusing failures of those who strive for personal privacy while mingling freely with their fellows and busying themselves diligently in other people's matters. Their perfect unconsciousness of failure is the most entertaining of all—secure in their cherished reticence—shut up tightly in the armor of clearest transparency—seen and read of all men!

Scarcely a person goes into society without a blind drawn over his face; and the traitorous blind is, in most cases, a magical lens which magnifies and reveals the secrets hidden under it. How often do we painfully watch the attempt to hide, with the semblance of youth, the records written by the passing years on cheek and brow! The freshly-colored hair deceives no one, for we see also the wrinkled forehead and age-dimmed eyes. The youthful attire but renders more conspicuous the stooping form and faltering step. If the really-beautiful be sought, what a fatal mistake is made! "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." It is the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," whose wearing can alone give us the coveted boon of perennial youth and unfading beauty.

Ah, well, there is no end to the ways and means by which we come to know and understand each other, and thus enlarge our circle of

acquaintances. Friendships come to us in another manner; with different feelings and regards; and are often scarcely distinguishable from the sacred loves which abide in the inner sanctuary of the heart. And they are too exclusively *ours*; too closely interwoven with the threads of our own being, to furnish us the amusement and careless pleasure with which we contemplate those who, whether willing or otherwise, are our acquaintances.

### MISSION WORK.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

THERE is work enough to do,  
Work for patient hearts and willing;  
Each his mission work fulfilling  
In Christ's vineyard here below.  
Traveler through this world of sin,  
Can you cease to work and pray?  
While a few are turning in,  
"Stand ye here idle all the day?"

If you walk the glorious heights  
Where fruition's flowers blooming,  
All the holy air perfuming—  
Shut you in with rare delights,  
Look below you on the throng  
With a feeling heart and true;  
One with sorrow borne along  
May be looking up to you!

Tired and halting in the way,  
There are feet all torn and bleeding;  
Words which form a patient pleading  
Greet us almost every day.  
Can you coldly pass them by,  
And withhold the smile and word?  
It may be whom you deny  
Is the chosen of the Lord.

Turn the traitor from your heart—  
Hearts true to God are ever truest;  
Since man's good deeds are the fewest,  
Let us act the Christian's part.  
Up and down earth's sinful shore,  
Erring spirits you may win;  
Lo! they stand near by your door—  
Will you rise and take them in?

Take your brother by the hand,  
Lead him from the evil byway,  
Lead him in the pleasant highway,  
Bid him gird himself and stand.  
Will it be a waste of love  
To assist a friend in need?  
When you meet him up above,  
Will he then forget the deed?

TOIL and be strong: by toil the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm and gain a more compacted tone.

## COLIGNY AND THE HUGUENOTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. J. F. HURST.

THE history of the names of sects and parties is very remarkable. Such names often originate in prejudice and are ratified by custom. The disciples of the Crucified were called Nazarenes by the Jews, who, in derision, spoke of despised Nazareth as the birthplace of Jesus. The same individuals were termed Christians by the Latins, who applied the name of the founder to the sect. From that day to the present these names, which at first expressed contempt and hatred, have been stamped with honor and dignity. In our own times those devoted Englishmen whom God has used as instruments of awakening to new life the reformed Church of France have been derisively called *Methodists*. But what matters the name? These people have been the means of restoring to the French nation the purity of those doctrines which have rendered our common Christianity so illustrious.

The French Reformers have not escaped a similar fortune in receiving odious epithets. They were successively denominated Lutherans, Protestants, and Sacramentalists. Finally, they were declared to be *Huguenots*—a word which many a Frenchman even yet takes as an insult to have associated with himself. There have been three ways of accounting for the word Huguenot. Some hold that it is a transformation of the German word *Eidgenossen*—confederate. Others deduce it from Hugon, who was supposed by superstitious people in Tours to be a spirit which perambulated the streets of the city by night. The persecuted Reformers held nocturnal meetings, and therefore their enemies claimed them to be subjects of wicked King Hugon. There have been others who think that the origin of the term is to be found in the well-known attachment of the Protestants to the family of Hugo Capet, who, strange to say, received the contempt of his generation because he defended the kings of his country against the usurpations of their Roman, Lothringian, and Spanish opponents. But impartial history has long since decided Hugo Capet to have been the great patriot of his age. If, then, the Huguenots owe their party name to him there is no little honor in their possession of it. We need not be ashamed of the men who gladly gave up their property and their lives from a profound love of truth. The history of France reveals one important fact, that the Christians who most zealously

defended their religion were the most incorruptible patriots of their day. Coligny represents in himself the real Huguenot character. As a Frenchman, nobleman, statesman, warrior, Christian, and head of a family, he combined in his own person all the virtues, endowments, and misfortunes of his sect. In order to be a perfect Huguenot he escaped not the evils of a civil war nor the death of a martyr.

Caspar of Chatillon, Count Coligny, was born February 16, 1518. He was the son of the marshal of Chatillon and of Louisa Montmorency. He was the brother of Cardinal Odel, who administered the elements of the Lord's Supper in the Episcopal palace after the manner adopted by the Huguenots, and died by poison in 1571. Equally fearless was another brother of Coligny, Francis d'Andelot, though neither of these men can be compared to him whose life we are now tracing. Young Coligny was at court very early in life. While there he contracted a friendship with Francis of Lothringia, who subsequently became an implacable and bitter enemy. The young courtier advanced from one degree of honor to another, till in 1552 he became an admiral. History takes him up with interest upon his assumption of this title. Henry II began a war with Spain. Even Coligny's bravery could not save France from defeat. Having lost the battle of St. Quentin, he was imprisoned in the castle of St. Denis. But God designed that this involuntary imprisonment of that pure-minded hero should be a blessing to all France. While in prison he read the Bible and the writings of the Reformers. Thus he arrived at a higher stage of knowledge than was afforded him by Romish traditions. He was restored to freedom by the peace of Cateau Cambresis, but he was henceforth ardently attached to the cause of the French Reformation.

He was at this time forty years of age. The purity of his life, the seriousness of his character, his unmovable faith, and his tried bravery pointed him out as the leader of the Protestants, and gave him an influence of which even Condé was jealous. Yet he devoted himself to the service of his country, during the reign of Francis II, without drawing his sword in defense of his faith. But after numerous intrigues, contradictory edicts, and the corruptions of the Guises, he finally determined to engage in war. When we take an impartial view of the schemes, and plots, and crimes of that bloody period we can not but justify the admiral in defending himself against those enemies who were opponents of France and of the king before they were persecutors of the



Reformation and of Coligny. Yet he did not come to this fearful conclusion without great opposition. He did not despise the wisdom and advice of woman, and he followed the counsel of Charlotte of Laval, his pious and devoted wife. She advised him that if he had to decide between taking up the sword and renouncing his religion he must choose the former. "I implore you in God's name," said she, "to take no backward step. If you do I will testify against you in the judgment day." Charles IX had just ascended the throne. By the order of Condé Coligny was nominated Lieutenant-General of the Protestant alliance. He opposed the policy of invoking the aid of the German and English Protestants, for he thought it best that Frenchmen conduct their own interests. Yet he was compelled to yield to a different view. However, he henceforth fought with heart and hand beneath the banner of the Reformation. Where can his equal be found in the annals of French Protestantism?

We have not room for a full recital of the great deeds of the Protestant heroes. We can only portray a few of those which have distinguished Coligny and his Huguenot brethren. It seems unnecessary to attempt to relieve him from complicity with the murder of the Duke of Guise. One word of the admiral himself does more to exonerate him than all the lengthy defenses which he wrote on the subject. After the amputation of his arm, which had been crushed by a copper bullet from the gun of the king-murderer, Maurevel, he calmly said, "I have no enemies except the gentlemen of the House of Guise, yet I would not say that they have been the instrument of this injury." Who can imagine that a man so incapable of suspicion could be capable of complicity with the murderer of one of his fellow-beings?

At the time when he was besieging Chartres he received the news of his wife's final illness. He hastened to her with skillful physicians, but her disease was beyond the reach of art. She died March 7, 1568, and left her husband in profound grief. Her sickness had been produced by excessive exertions in nursing the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Orleans. But the death of his wife did not cause Coligny to intermit his efforts in behalf of the French Reformation. He used every possible means to force the king to put an end to the inhuman slaughter of his Protestant subjects.

We now come to the catastrophe which put so remarkable a termination to the life of this

great Christian hero. He had scarcely been restored from a severe illness, under which he suffered at St. Etienne, before he led his army against Paris, the capital of the nation. Catherine de Medicis and the Guises were his opponents. They were too weak for him, and the court, in opposition to the wish of the Papal nuncio and the Spanish ambassador, reluctantly concluded the peace of August 8, 1570. Coligny withdrew to La Rochelle, where he was present at the Seventh National Synod, which was presided over by Theodore Beza. Being weary of civil war, Coligny now acted upon his declared principle "that it is better to die than to be continually anxious about life." He fearlessly went to Paris on a visit to Charles IX, who, young as he was, was well acquainted with arts of flattery and deception. The king called him his "father," embraced him, swore that he wished his advice, and said to him with a fiendish trickery, "We now have you with us, and you should not leave even if you wished to do so." Coligny is conferred with concerning the projected campaign to Flanders. On Friday, August 22d, he is summoned to the Louvre. On his return he is wounded by Maurevel, one ball crushing his finger, another his elbow. Inflammation set in, owing to the poisonous quality of the bullets. The bystanders, Henry of Navarre, Prince Condé, and Larochehoucault, weep in great sorrow. Coligny calmly says, "My friends, why do you weep? I deem myself most happy to be wounded for my Master's sake." He turns to preacher Merlin and says, "Let us pray to the Lord our God that he will endow us with the grace of steadfastness." While the devoted Merlin is engaged in prayer the dying hero pours out his soul to God, rededicates himself to his service, and declares himself ready either to live or to die. He now turns to his servant and commands him to count out a hundred dollars to Merlin for the poor of Paris. Charles IX enters the chamber and says, "My father, you have the wound, but I have eternal sorrow for you." With a bitter curse the king declares that he will avenge the dreadful murder. A few hours later and that same king gives the signal for the butcheries of the St. Bartholomew night, August 24, 1572.

Shortly before daybreak Coligny was aroused from slumber by the ringing of the bells and the tramping of the cavalry of the Guises. Merlin prayed with him again, when the admiral requested his attendants to flee for their life. He assured them that, as for him, he was ready to die. The palace doors were



forced open in the name of the king. The watchers in Coligny's room were hurled to the floor. For a moment even the hard-hearted Behme trembles in his presence. "Young man," said the dying hero quietly, "you are making your attack upon a wounded and aged man whose life you can only shorten very little." The assassin immediately pierced his body with the crowbar with which he had forced open the door. Coligny raised up and protested against such vile conduct, but he was then struck upon the head by many violent hands. The voice of the Duke of Guise was heard from below—"Behme, are you ready?" Then the body of the old warrior was thrown out of the window upon the stones beneath. He was recognized at once by the Guises and the Duke of Angouleme, who kicked him in the face. His body was thrown into the common receptacle of the filth of the city, and his severed head was embalmed by the order of the Duke of Guise and sent by him to Rome. A few years subsequently the body of this same Duke of Guise was trampled by Henry III, and one day when Catherine de Medicis met the son of the martyr in the gallery of the Louvre, she said to him, "You are very much like your father." "May God grant me such a blessing!" was his calm reply.

We may now ask, Why did France not receive the Reformation when Coligny and many other men of his stamp worked so ardently for it? There are many reasons. The faithlessness of the Italian Catherine, the ambition of the Lothringians, and the chicanery of Rome and Spain have all had an important part in opposing it. But the chief cause was the want of religious spirit in the French heart. Rabelais and Montaigne are more faithful representatives of the French character than was the great Calvin. France has loved the mass much more than repentance. But we trust the day is not far distant when the crimes of Romanism will be avenged by the thorough awakening of that nation to a powerful Christian life. The religion of Christ is adapted to all people, no matter what their national characteristics may be. Is it too much to believe that Coligny and Calvin will have their successors, and that the murder of St. Bartholomew will have its requital in a pure and vigorous French Protestantism?

MANY trust God for the wants of their souls who do not for the wants of their bodies.

## MY VICTORY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

WHAT is the victory to you?  
It cost you not a groan;  
'T is mine, made dearly sacred by  
The blood of all my own.  
I saw my country's starry flag  
By traitor hands assailed;  
Fierce was the struggle in my soul,  
But love of right prevailed.  
I choked my anguish firmly down,  
Smiling, I bade them go,  
My husband and our noble sons,  
To fight our country's foe.  
No heart of woman ever leaned  
On fonder, truer breast;  
No heart of mother more than mine  
Was comforted and blest.  
The sun had never, never shone  
On happier home than mine;  
That more such homes might brighten earth  
I could my all resign.  
I looked beneath the future's veil  
With clear, prophetic eye,  
And saw that for the future's sake  
Some good men now must die.  
"And why not thine?" the holy voice  
Within me uttered low;  
And, grateful for such men to give,  
I cheerly bade them go.  
Now God accepts my sacrifice;  
All that my heart could yield  
In the cleansing blood that flows  
In Richmond's glorious field.  
I weep, for I am desolate,  
Heart-broken, all alone,  
But would not take my offerings back—  
Their glory is my own.  
O, they have triumphed dying thus  
For this grand victory;  
The joy, the glory are mine own,  
What can they be to thee?

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY H. B. WADSWELL.

THIS is a world of beauty, where it dwells  
On every moss-stained rock and ocean shells;  
Blooms in each forest leaf, and brightly glows  
On cloud and summit in the eve's repose;  
Smiles round the gates of morning and of night,  
Flashes in fountains leaping to the light;  
Gleams in the river-wave and lake of blue,  
Makes the young flowers bright urns for golden dew;  
Upon the fragments of the worn-out storm  
Burns in the rainbow of resplendent form;  
Scenes of the beautiful and grand are here,  
Coming and fading through each circling year.

## GREAT SACRIFICES FOR LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH W. TRUE.

**M**OST people are unwilling to make a little sacrifice for a great thing, and the same persons are such as are making great sacrifices for little things. O, this fallen world of ours is full of these great sacrifices for little things! Hear the husband or the wife, for the sake of a little retaliating word, which comes from a bad feeling and not a good one, say something that will destroy the happiness of both for days or weeks, or perhaps set to crumbling the foundation upon which the happiness of the whole life was depending. I do not mean that their simple living together decently is prevented, for that is not happiness, though a little word sometimes results in hindering this. These words, which at first are used to indulge some smart feeling, lead to a loss of that comprehensive and delicate confidence indispensable to the happiness designed for married life.

Again, how great a sacrifice does a parent make who allows the annoyances of various petty things to concentrate in one moment of trial with a child, and in the view of that child becomes like a demon for a time! What a sacrifice of the child's respect and its tenderness of affection does that parent make! A young lady once said to one who was as familiar with her as herself, as her father, "I can not regret to have my father die, for it is a relief to me to think that I shall never see him angry again." And yet this was an uncommonly good father in every thing but this. I do not wonder that that mother went perfectly distracted who struck her child when it was unaware and at disadvantage, so that it fell from where it was standing and died, its neck having broken in the fall. This occurred not many years ago, nor far from us. It was standing somewhere in disobedience, but that was not the way to bring it down. This is an extreme or uncommon case in its results, but not in the means used. It is a wonder that many a child has not been killed in some similar way.

Many a child's confidence in the wisdom of its parent has been killed. Wholesome punishment will not destroy either confidence or affection, for God is in it, justifying the parent to the heart of the child when such punishment is administered. And in other ways parents are making great sacrifices with their children and sacrifices of them for little things; sacrifices of their natural regard for truth, for

justice, for mercy by a succession of deceptions, a disregard of righteous claims or hard-heartedness where pity is called for, and all these a hundred times over for some trifling convenience till the lines for human conduct originally drawn upon the soul by its Maker are confused if not obliterated; and if they are ever brought out again it must be by some other hand, and the child will then come to look back upon the parent with astonishment and distrust.

There comes before me now the puzzled look of a little girl about five years old as she stood beside me a little while ago in my neighbor's dining-room, her hand in mine, when the door-bell rang and Bridget soon announced that a lady, Mrs. —, was in the parlor. "Why did n't you tell her that we were not at home?" said the grandmother of the little girl as the mother was deprecating the call. "Because," said Bridget, "she saw you all as she passed the windows; I saw her look up." What could the little grandchild make of it? and then in a few moments to hear her mother so glad to see the lady that she had just now wished had kept away! I pitied the child. I looked upon her as a plant that it would be a mercy if the Master should order transplanted to another climate.

And here is a daughter—a young lady making great sacrifices for little things. From some false notion about beauty of person, she is compressing her waist so that to get a full dress is impossible. The delicate organs, compressed to the point of dying, cry out for relief, while the whole machinery of life is retarded. The side aches, the heart palpitates; fainting ensues, and ere long confirmed disease or sudden death follows. It seemed a few years ago that this barbarity of compressing any part of the body to add to its beauty was left exclusively to the savage tribes. We were mistaken. Suppose beauty to be gained in such a way, what a sacrifice to make for it! But Nature will show you that if you violate her laws she will give you deformity instead of beauty. You may get the slender waist, but you will get with it, if not the crooked spine, the clouded skin, the dull eye, and the strangled expression; you will get with it low spirits, flutterings, and heart sickness, and at a future period of your life irremediable disease for yourself or your offspring. There is a time when, pertaining to sins against the body, it is too late to repent. I once heard a young physician say that he would no more marry a young lady with a disproportionately small waist than he would marry one with any other deformity.

But do young men make great sacrifices for little things? Said an inspired writer, "I write to you, young men, because ye are strong." Young men have not the vanity that young ladies have to risk killing themselves for what they suppose will insure some point of beauty. They are too strong for this. Yet I heard but yesterday of one high in business office, high in Church relationship, high in social position, who, for one instance of gratification of the lower propensities, cast himself down from all these like a star falling from heaven. He was not fortified against "her whose steps take hold on hell." She was not in one of the gates of hell where she belonged; he did not go after her there; but the great destroyer set her as a trap in the household. O, what a sacrifice of every thing—of conscience, of honor, of happiness, his own and that of his friends did that strong being make! He went into obscurity as his reputation went, and died. He said that from the hour he sacrificed his conscience to his passion "the pains of hell got hold upon him." He despised himself; he despised her who, with the appearance of virtue, had it not at heart. He could not endure her in his sight. He charged her with being the seducer, and she charged him. But he could have endured his hatred of her—it would have been a support to him—if he had not hated himself. This is the lamentation of those who are destroyed whatever part others may have borne in it. "I have destroyed myself," "I have sacrificed all and gained nothing."

### THE GOOD DIE NOT.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

THE good never die. After their life-work is done they drop from human sight, but they still live on earth in the precious influences they leave behind them. "Their works do follow them," says the inspired revelator. We see and hear them not after they descend to the tomb, but they are impersonated in all they have ever done for Christ and his cause. The pulsations of their noble lives are felt in the great heart of humanity, and the world moves, however slowly, all the more heavenward because they still live in it by their works and influence. Nothing they have done to bless the world can ever die.

So far as we know, nothing has ever existed that exists not now. In the material world this truth is challenged by none. Things, it

is true, change their forms and presentations to the eye under the modifying laws of their existence, but they never lose their substantive quality. Bishop Clark, your worthy predecessor, says with rare elegance and beauty, "The dust beneath our feet has often moved with life, and will throb with life again. The raw materials out of which the principle of life constructs its organs and weaves its garments from age to age are always here. The stuff of which the universe is made is indestructible, 'nothing can be put to it nor any thing taken from it.' Could you burn up the globe or dissolve the stars you would neither increase nor diminish aught of the substance of things. Time through all its mighty revolutions can not destroy an atom, 'for that which hath been is now.'"

In the highest sense must this truth hold in the moral world. Truth and virtue as they have evolved in the lives of the pious must live on in their vitality and indestructibility. That word spoken for Christ a thousand years ago is an evangel for truth now; that deed done in the name of Jesus and for the welfare of humanity in the days of Paul the apostle is still a living, glorious power in the world, albeit the lips that spoke the one and the hands that performed the other have been silent and motionless in the grave for centuries. Well may one ask,

"Can that man be dead  
Whose spiritual influence is on his kind?  
He lives in glory, and his speaking dust  
Has more of life than half its breathing molds."

Is the noble Paul dead? Do Luther and Wesley, not to speak of myriads of God's honored saints, live no more on earth? Nay, verily, reader. They still live here—live in all the power and preciousness of an influence which can never die. Many are journeying to the skies this hour in this vale of tears because these worthies still live on earth. The good die not. Precious thought! When we consider it in all its sublime significance, how much have we to live for! What motives have we so to order our lives that we may bequeath when we leave the world such influences as deserve to live forever! As the pious and holy of every age and clime are still living on earth as the friends of Jesus and the helpers of their race, so may we if we do our appointed work in our day and generation. Souls may follow us to heaven as they have followed the dead good in all ages if we take our true position in the world and faithfully execute life's high and holy mission. We may



so live that the world can not forget us when we are gone. Ours, reader, is the God-given prerogative to leave behind us, if faithful, memorials that shall "appear unto this generation and every generation following." Truly said is it that

"Virtue outbuilds the pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Life's great work is summed up in a few words: "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Resolve, reader, by Divine grace, that you will do your whole duty, and doing this, in the fear of God you may rest assured that death will secure to you, come when, where, or how it may, a double immortality—immortality on earth and immortality in heaven.

#### A COMPARISON OF MEN AND WOMEN.

BY MISS VIRGINIA PENNY.

"A woman can not do the thing she ought,  
Which means whatever perfect thing she can,  
In life, in art, in science, but she fears  
To let the perfect action take its part  
And rest there: she must prove what she can do  
Before she does it—prate of woman's rights,  
Of woman's mission, woman's function, till  
The men—who are prating too on their side—cry,  
A woman's function plainly is—to talk."

AURORA

**M**EN and women may be classed, like the members of the vegetable world, into genera, species, and individuals. There is nearly as marked a difference between the individuals that compose the species and genera. One man or woman may be a mushroom, another an oak, one a vine, another a shrub, etc. It is not sex that makes the difference in their moral and mental natures. One man differs as much from another in disposition, character, taste, and inclinations, as from a woman, and the same may be said to hold true of women, though not in so marked a degree, inasmuch as their individuality, as a general thing, is not so fully and distinctly developed.

Woman has received a different physical organization from man, but we doubt if there exists a sexual difference in mind and morals. We can not convince ourselves there is a difference in the moral and mental constitutions of the two sexes. The difference in the intellects of men and women, we think, lies in the extent of expansion and the nature of the development, not in the original number or quality

of the mental powers. Woman's mind is more suggestive than man's. A man will take a subject and revolve it in his mind till he has educed new thoughts, which he works into an essay, newspaper article, or it may be a volume. A woman will be more likely to take books on the subject that interest her, and read, and have new ideas suggested, or created, which she forms into materials for the benefit of others. And yet women generally have not the power to permeate, to analyze, to appropriate the thoughts and feelings of a writer like men. But this difference is the result of cultivation.

Delicacy of organization may possibly tend to promote the growth of some of the mental faculties—those of imagination and observation, and retard the growth of others, as reason and firmness. We doubt whether woman is by nature more imaginative than man. That faculty is often developed in her at the expense of her other faculties, and in many cases will prove more of a curse than a blessing. "In comparing the intellectual powers of the sexes, it would be necessary to consider distinctly the philosophical talent, which meditates; the talent of memory, which collects; the talent of imagination, which creates; the moral and political talent, which governs." It is thought by some that women are capable of a greater variety of attainments than men, but do not become so thorough. Few women equal learned men in their devotion to any one scientific pursuit, their constant devotion to study, their thoroughness and their general information; for the number of women is small indeed who are encouraged, or have the facilities for reaching this stand-point. Women who devote themselves to study are less free and lively in conversation than others. They have less time to devote to the accomplishments, and are, therefore, less acceptable to the other sex. But they generally have stricter ideas of morality and propriety than others, and greater force of character. The majority of married ladies in medium circumstances have a moderate degree of intelligence. Some are above mediocrity, but a large number are below. Married women have less time for reading than men. The cares of their families call for most—in many cases—all of their time. The majority of women in industrial vocations are nearly on a par in intelligence. The mass of women at twenty-five are equal in development of mind and general attainments to the mass of men of the same age; but at fifty men are superior; and why? Because while women have been giving life and nourishment to children, and engaged in household duties that occupied their time and



attention, men, by the contact and conflict of mind with mind, by the exercise of thought, the general information obtained by observation, conversation, and experience, have been rising higher and higher in the scale of intelligence. There is a greater variety in the attainments, mental culture, and original thought of men than of women. There is every grade from the lowest biped in the scale of reason, to the most exalted intellect. The chasm that now exists between men and women intellectually we would see bridged. In some of the lyceums of the Eastern States the ladies, as well as gentlemen, take a part in the discussions. We think it a more sensible way of meeting than in some of the social gatherings where gossip, nonsense, silly plays, and indifferent music occupy the hours. Women are sneered at by some men as strong-minded, because they do not like for a woman to have a will or an opinion that does not coincide with their own. If women have the same native talent as men, and the same cultivation of that talent, why have they not the same right to form and express opinions? How often is man represented as the head, woman as the heart! We advocate a union of head and heart in both man and woman—a happy blending of the two.

Most women have quick perceptive powers, and some are more quick-witted than men. The Creator has made the sensibilities of women finer, consequently they receive impressions more vividly than men. The judgments of women, in fact, are more reliable and sooner formed than those of men. Some say that they arrive at their conclusions by a more rapid course of reasoning—others that it is more the result of a natural sagacity, or instinct, than by a course of reasoning. Let the cause be what it will, the fact is not altered. There is a want of appreciation by the sexes. They know but little of each other's tastes and pursuits, temptations and encouragements. This partly arises from the difference of education and prospects in the sexes.

Love and religion have been the strong impelling powers of women for ages, power and wealth of men. Women are not capable of as much gratitude as men, nor so courageous in the expression of it. Women often receive kindness and attention where men would be passed by. Women are more sensitive than men. Pity is a soul-impelling power, and one which women largely possess. The charge has been made that women are more indolent than men. We deny the charge. Women are not naturally more indolent, and when habitually so, it is confined to women of wealth, or those

whom the customs of society seem to justify in being so. Misbehavior is more rare among women than men. Men are much more natural and childlike in their manners and conversation than women. They plunge right into a subject, while ladies wind about like a crystal stream in a meadow. The minds and actions of men are more practical than those of women. Women are more fond of dress, and fine houses, and elegant furniture than men. They have more time to devote to the ornamental. In some places there is much rivalry between women of fortune in their styles of living. The passions and appetites of men are stronger than those of women. There are in all large cities both demons and angels in the form of men. One class is luring to destruction while the other is trying to save. Besides, there are all intermediate grades—every class and condition. The dominion of woman, even when arbitrary, is seldom cruel. It is rather a disposition of caprice than of oppression. Men generally have more uniform tempers than women, but it is because they have better health, not so many annoyances, and more things of a pleasant and interesting nature to occupy their minds. Men have more expanded views and better judgment. They also excel women in business qualifications. Women may beg more successfully for a benevolent object, but men give more largely. It is not that women are less generous than men, but most of them have less to be generous with. The customs of society have done much to abolish the original characteristics of the sexes. The qualities for which men were once noted as men, and the qualities that gave grace to women, are less confined to the sexes. The line of demarkation has become less distinct. As a general thing the qualities have become modified and blended in most people. Bravery, courage, and firmness are not confined to men, nor tenderness, fortitude, and patience to women. Women lead a more sedentary life than men. They are more quiet and contemplative. A woman's resources for beguiling thought are more limited than a man's. Women's minds are less strengthened by exercise than those of men. The views of men are generally less superficial. One reason is, they mingle more with each other. They learn much by such intercourse. They mix indiscriminately. There is not the same reserve between those of different positions in social life. I make an exception in regard to the liberality of men's views. It is that *the mass of men* have not very liberal, just, or correct views of what women may and can do with propriety. They would limit

her duties entirely to home. They would not permit any to enter the store, the workshop, the counting-room, nor even the more exalted and refining atmosphere of the study or the atelier. They would exclude her more especially from the professions. There may exist more stamina in the character of men, but less delicacy. The attachments of men for women are thought to be more short-lived, but more fervent and ardent than those of women for men. The coquetry with which the female sex is charged is fast becoming a characteristic of the other. Women are generally more tender in all the relations of life, and the performance of their duties, than men. Women are thought to have less moderation than men—to be more subject to extremes. Women have more fortitude—men more courage. Man was made to act, woman to endure.

Says Mrs. Hale, "Of all the sinful deeds done on earth, nine-tenths are committed by men, or caused by their wickedness. More than three-fourths of the professed followers of Christ are women. In judging between the sexes Jesus has left his record, that man is the greatest sinner; and hence Christian lawgivers should take warning and example, restrain their own passions, and make laws to punish their own sex, while carefully protecting the honor, safety, and happiness of women. I anticipate the time when wise and good men will consider this subject of providing for the wellbeing of the female sex as their most important earthly duty. Hitherto the mass of men in Christian countries may be said to be at enmity with any improvement of women that does not gratify their own sensuous propensities. Women are free to adorn their persons; but if they seek to cultivate their minds it is treason against the prerogative of man. The source from whence this jealousy of female intelligence springs is not fear that the sex will not excel in learning; it is hatred of the moral influence the sex would wield were they better instructed. Sensuality and selfishness always dread enlightened women." If truth is eternal, and if men and women are both endowed with reason, why must they have different codes of morals? Works for the moral improvement of the race are especially adapted to women; those more intellectual, as well as those requiring greater physical force, are best adapted to men.

Says Mrs. Childs, "The character and condition of woman is always in correspondence with that of men; and both sexes have always furnished about an equal number of exceptions to the general character of the age in which they lived. There were liberal-minded women as

well as men during the bigoted times of Cromwell, and many an English matron of stainless character educated her pure-minded daughters far from the corrupting court of Charles II. The excellent Lady Russell, who was perhaps the very best woman in the world, lived in these profligate times."

### LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

THE beauteous flowers in wint'ry tombs now sleeping,  
The leafless forest moaning on the hill,  
The streamlet hush'd along the sheltered valleys,  
And lonely meadows all so white and still,  
Shall feel the touch of Spring's returning footsteps,  
And underneath this drapery of death  
Earth's countless pulses, wak'd to new vibrations,  
Will leap to catch her life-inspiring breath.

Nature in grateful diligence will hasten,  
With skillful hand and ministries unseen,  
To gem with glowing jewel'd bud and blossom,  
Her flowing robes of emerald-tinted green;  
In grand old aisles of ancient grove-cathedrals,  
Bright-wing'd choirs will ring their choral strains,  
And down the vales the pure, free-gushing waters  
Peal joyous anthems in the glad refrains.

O! other tombs there are with germ immortal,  
Now buffeted by dreary winds of care,  
Benumb'd and dwarf'd by many a storm of sorrow,  
Left by the fall its smitten lot to bear;  
And doubts and fears, with sad funereal shadows,  
Flit gloomily athwart the driving snows,  
The past pain sealing many a fount of gladness  
In heavy-drifted paths of human woes.

Yet now and then through nature's icy vestments,  
The penetrating sun shines warm and bright,  
And prematurely from its dark, cold prison,  
The tender shoot springs upward to the light,  
As if to say the blessed sun will shield me,  
Though o'er me yet sad chilling storms may break;  
Soon lovely kindred too shall feel his power,  
And every-where to glorious beauty wake.

Thus when the cheering beams of grace immortal  
Rest on the soul with melting light and love,  
With dewy showers to purify and brighten,  
Wafted on breezes from the fields above,  
Just as the flow'ret lifted timid tendrils  
Sweet in the heart that owns the hallow'd sway,  
Springs blooming trust, confiding faith, and patience,  
Bathed in the perumes of the heavenly May.

And at the last mortality dissolving,  
The uncag'd soul may lift its hidden wing,  
And soar to walk the radiant angel-gardens  
Of God's eternal, never-fading Spring;  
Then earth's dark mysteries will be unfolded,  
Its Summer joys and chilling, wint'ry strife,  
And over death triumphant, bright and changeless,  
Bloom the green years of never-ending life.

## ORIGIN OF POPULAR WORDS.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

A CERTAIN writer remarks: "Though much of the labor of the philologists is purely guess-work, and many of their fancies are but imaginary, the charms connected with shrewd guessing, and the self-gratification arising from the detection of errors, make the study of even these pleasant. The study of etymologies is, moreover, not without its compensation in the cultivation of habits of research and in the expansion of general information which attend its pursuit. Many words have histories about them which carry us by their associations back to the age when our ancestors were barbarians, or to the days when great nations of ancient times ruled the world. Many a word contains a story of which the word itself is all that we have left, and we may find many an exotic word or name now current in English speech which has so brought down to us the memory of a forgotten custom, or to the descent of which a story is attached, that its derivation is a matter of more than merely etymological curiosity."

**BANKRUPT.** Few words have so remarkable a history as this. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times. At these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banko rotto*, was given to him. When the word was first adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being *bankerout* instead of bankrupt.

**BIGOT.** This word is not, as generally supposed, of religious but of secular and political origin. Rollo, Duke of Normandy, receiving Gissa, daughter of King Charles, in marriage, and with her the investiture of the Dukedom, refused to perform the usual ceremony of kissing the king's foot in token of subjection unless the king would hold it out for that purpose, and when he urged it, answered hastily, "No, by God," whereupon the king gave him the nickname of *by God* or *bigot*, and the name has passed to all stubborn and peevish insisters on their own notions.

**BLACKGUARDISM.** In all great houses, but particularly in royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the woodyard, sculleries, etc. Of these—for in the lowest depths there was a lower still—the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry

coal to the kitchen, halls, and other apartments. To this smutty regiment who attended the progresses and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of "blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar.

**BUST.** This word Visconti traces to the place Bustum, for burning dead bodies, which was soon transferred to the numberless images there set up.

**CANARD.** This word, now popularly used for a hoax, is the French word for duck, and the origin for its new application is said to have been the following amusing "sell" on the public. To give a sly lift to the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals are in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornlissen stated that an interesting experiment had just been made calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these fowls had been placed together, and one of them having been killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, had been gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was taken from the remaining nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and in like manner to the last, who was thus placed in the remarkable position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short time! All this most pleasantly narrated obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the rounds of all the journals in Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back to America, with amplification, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving duck, whose esophagus was declared to have been seriously injured! Every one laughed at the history of the canard thus brought up again, but the word retains its novel signification, as applied to a hoax.

**CANTEEN.** This is, perhaps, the only word in our language which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue and was afterward taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon it was simply a *tin can*; but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the noun before the adjective, and pronouncing the letter *i* as *e*, brought it out as *can-tin*, pronounced *canteen*. Adopting a thousand other French terms, the dull Englishman took back his own original word in a new shape without any

inquiries on the subject, and hence we now say canteen instead of tin-can.

**CONFEDERATE.** This word is, by the common usage of our language, generally employed in a bad sense. The Psalmist speaks of the foes of Jehovah as "confederate against him." Shakspeare speaks of "vile confederates," of being "confederate with a damned pack," the beast Caliban and his "confederate," and similar instances. Cowper speaks of "hellish foes confederate for his harm." We say that men are confederate for an evil purpose. Seldom do we hear the word used for a good one. The adoption of this word by Southern rebels will confirm its ancient and modern usage. They are "confederate" to uphold a most infernal system by means the most abominable. The only English play in which every character is morally worthless is Vanburgh's "Confederacy." True, the word has its honest and honorable meaning. But throughout English literature it will be generally found that good men "unite" and "combine" to achieve their object, while Jeff. Davis, Bob Toombs, and other very bad men are "confederate."

**CONTRABAND.** Col. Mallory had been a member of the same political party with Gen. Butler, and had met him on friendly terms at the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions. With the cool assumption characteristic of the slaveholding oligarchy, he came under the protection of the flag of truce to Fortress Monroe, demanding the enforcement of the Fugitive-Slave Law. The following terse colloquy is reported to have taken place between them:

"You hold, Col. Mallory, do you not," said Gen. Butler, "that negro slaves are property, and that Virginia is no longer a part of the United States?"

"I do, sir," was the reply.

"You are a lawyer, sir," Gen. Butler added, "and I ask you if you claim that the Fugitive-Slave Act of the United States is binding in a foreign nation? and if a foreign nation uses this kind of property to destroy the lives and property of the citizens of the United States, if that species of property ought not to be regarded as *contraband*?"

Even Col. Mallory had not the audacity to deny this common-sense statement, and he withdrew "speechless" but exasperated. This decision, so apt and so unanswerable, was received throughout the whole country with a general burst of acclaim. After this, during the whole progress of the war, the fugitive slaves have received the name of *contrabands*.—Rev. J. S. C. Abbott.

**DUN.** This word owes its origin to Joe

Dunn, an English bailiff, in the reign of Henry VII.

**GROG.** Admiral Vernon—the same after whom Mount Vernon was named—was the first to require his men to drink their spirits mixed with water. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough program cloak, and hence had obtained the name of "Old Grog" in the service. Such was the origin of the name applied to rum and water.

**HERO.** This word comes to us from other tongues. It belongs to the Greeks of old. They seem to have used it in the first instance to designate the hoards that overran their country. For a time it was applied promiscuously to all the men in the army. Eventually it came to mean such only as had become prodigies, and was applied to these whether distinguished in war, arts, philosophy, or even personal charms. The endowments that made the hero a wonder to others were accounted for, according to the superstition of the time, on the ground that, whatever his seeming parentage, he was really the offspring of some divinity, and the ready invention of mythology soon produced a fable affiliating him on one or other of the gods. So soon as one was fairly placed on the calendar of heroes, a column was erected upon his tomb, sacrifices were offered to him, and he became the object of prayer for supernatural aid. In this the Romans followed the Greeks, and we find that among their heroes six were held in such honor that they were said to have been received into the communion of the twelve great gods. Of those one is Æsculapius, whose fame was won by the art of healing. Among ourselves the word has generally signified one who displayed a very high degree of valor and self-devotion in the cause of country, or some such cause.

**HURRAH.** Thousands of people have shouted "hurrah!" "many a time and oft," but comparatively few know its derivation and primary meaning. It originated among the Eastern nations, where it was used as a war cry from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country went to heaven. It is derived from the Slavonic word Hurraj, which means, "to Paradise."

**HYMEN** was a beautiful youth of Athens, who, for the love of a young virgin, disguised himself and assisted at the Eleusinian rites, and at this time he, together with his beloved and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates, who, supposing him to be what he appeared, was



lodged with his mistress. In the dead of night, when the robbers were all asleep, he cut their throats. Thence, making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore them their daughter and all her companions if they would consent to his becoming their son-in-law. Their consent was given. The marriage proving very happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.

LADY. In an old work of the date of 1762 is the following account of the origin of the term *lady*: "As I have studied more that appertains to ladies than to gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called *ladies* even before their husbands had any title to convey the mark of distinction to them. It was generally the fashion for a lady of affluence once a week, or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors with her own hands, and she was called by them *hlaf-day*; that is, *loaf-giver*, or as it is sometimes explained, the *bread-giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning of the term is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it."

LUCIFER. One of the finest of all names, once borne by a bishop—Lucifer, Bishop of Cagliari—and signifying the light-burner, the bright and morning star, is now universally disused, chiefly, perhaps, because ministers believe it is the devil's name, which it really is not. It is one of the greatest compliments you can pay a man to call him Lucifer, for it is really the brightest of all names, and they only are worthy to bear it who bring light into the world. It is a popular error that has excluded it from the baptismal font. The name has been denounced by being applied to phosphoric matches, which certainly deserve it; but it was a pity to lose it as a Christian name of men. It may yet be restored to its original signification.

PANIC. This word is used to signify a great and general alarm without any apparent adequate cause. In the oldest heathen mythology Pan blew his conch-shell when the Titans were fighting with the gods. The audacious rebels had stood undaunted against the thunders of Jupiter, but they fled at the blast of this harsh clarion. Having succeeded so well on this occasion, he gave a wild scream, which filled the echoes of the mountains and put the enemy to flight. These old fables—what foundation of fact they may have had in the experience of infant humanity, who can tell?—struck the heart of the race, and have given a

name to the saddest realities in every period of history.

WINDFALL. Some of the English nobility, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado, therefore, was a perfect Godsend in every sense of the term to those who had occupancy of extensive forests, and the *windfall* was sometimes of great value.

### THE FIRST BUD OF SPRING.

BY MRS. A. E. GATES.

ERE Spring had robed her lovely form  
In emerald garb bedecked with flowers,  
An angel to our household came,  
Bringing a bud from Eden's bowers.

Light was his wing and soft his tread,  
Love shone serenely from his eyes,  
And, bending o'er me softly, said,  
"Take this sweet bud from paradise;

Take it with joy, God sent it thee;  
An object for thy tenderest care;  
That it at last approved may be,  
No time, no toil, no suffering spare."

He laid it softly on my breast,  
Its tender touch my spirit thrilled,  
And while its tiny form I pressed  
A strange, warm love my bosom filled.

We love it for its charms untold,  
Its beauty, grace, and sweet perfume;  
We love to watch each leaf unfold  
While slowly bursting into bloom.

We love it for the cheering light  
And hallowed joy its presence gives;  
And O, it makes our home so bright,  
And brighter still each day it lives.

We wonder how a thing so fair,  
So tender, sweet, and undefiled,  
Can live and bloom in desert air,  
'Neath burning suns and tempests wild.

Life's chilling winds may oft invade,  
And many a blast sweep rudely by,  
And midnight gloom or twilight shade  
May mantle all its starless sky.

But if it bloom for God alone,  
And waft its fragrant breath to heaven  
Like holy incense to his throne,  
Let light, or shade, or storm be given,

These will mature it for the skies;  
Then, O, my God, with tender care,  
Transplant our bud to paradise,  
And let it bloom forever there.

## FLORIDA PAPERS—A NIGHT IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY H. H. MOORE, CHAPLAIN U. S. A.

ON the 21st day of May, 1864, just as the sun was disappearing behind the forests of Florida, our noble steamer entered the St. Augustine harbor. We had spent at sea one of the finest days of the season, and, fanned by ocean breezes, had not suffered from the heat of an almost vertical sun. The light-house on Anastasia Island is the first object that arrests the attention of the voyager to this place. The sand hills, vines, and tangled shrubbery on the island nearly hides the prospect of the place, but we soon make a turn to the right, then enter the Matanzas, or "River of Dolphins," as it was called by the Loudinnear in 1662, and this old Spanish town stands before us. At the extreme right is "Fort Marion," just back of which, to the west, is the city gate, and south of these, about a half mile in length, is the city. Near the center is the "parade ground," in which may be seen the "Constitutional Monument," built by the Spanish in 1812. The Constitution, as is well known, failed; but as this monument was an ornament to the town, it was allowed to stand. The inscription was effaced. From the fort to the barracks, in the southern part of the town, stretches a sea-wall, six feet high above low-tide mark, built by the United States at an expense of \$100,000. As seen from the pier it adds largely to the beauty of the place. The wall is built of *coquina*, and is capped with large flat granite stone, and is a favorite place of promenading. The remaining fragments of old aristocratic Castilian families delight to spend an hour or so of a beautiful evening, with their loved guitars, sauntering along upon this wall by the water's edge, singing Spanish airs in their country's language. We have in this structure evidence of the overshadowing influence Southern statesmen had in the councils of the nation. I venture that no Northern town can boast such an expenditure from the public treasury for what is but little more than a local ornament, but it is beautiful and grand, and I do not regret that it was built. The Spanish put up an inferior structure as a breakwater in 1690, a portion of which yet remains. It is outside the one now standing.

When I visited St. Augustine it was with the expectation of remaining some time, and official duties, together with the friends I met, claimed my attention that night and most of the following day. But my interest in the place did not allow an opportunity for gaining knowledge of its history to pass unimproved.

In military affairs every thing is more uncertain than even in the law, and just twenty-two hours from the time of our landing we were ordered to another locality preparatory to an expedition up the Ashepoo River, South Carolina. I have witnessed many unexpected movements in military life, but this one occasioned more regret and murmuring than I had ever known before. See St. Augustine I must! This might be my last opportunity, and no time was to be lost. After my trunk was placed aboard the Cosmopolitan again, I set out on a tour of observation. Only an hour of daylight remained. Near the landing and a little to the south, in full view, were the ruins of the Governor's palace—the first house built on this continent any part of which is now standing. I have not been able to learn the year when it was erected, but it was occupied by Don Diego de Quirago y Lasada as early as 1690, and probably these remains are not less than two hundred years old. The interior of this edifice is a concretion of marine shells—the scallop shell broken by the action of the waves into small fragments, and called *coquina*, large deposits of which are found about St. Augustine, and in different parts of Florida. It was two stories high and very substantially built—was a little fort in itself, and supported a watch-tower, from which observations could be made both land and seaward. The front, facing the sea, had two verandas, and the rear, overlooking the town, had one from the upper story. The north, west, and south walls of this palace yet stand, also some of the partitions and arches—all very thick and firmly built—they show not the least effects of time. Not a particle of wood could I find about these ruins—all had been carried off as relics. I had to be contented with a fragment of the *coquina*. It has a value as a geological specimen and as a part of the oldest building on this continent.

I then passed to the unfinished treasury building. About two hundred years ago the foundations of this structure were laid, the walls were carried about eight feet high, and in that condition they yet remain. The carved work about the front door and windows was elaborate and elegant, but is covered with a thin black moss, and is partially effaced by the ravages of time. The ground in the area is cultivated as a garden, while the walls are covered with a profusion of vines. The spaces left for windows and doors are rudely filled with coarse shell rock, which contrasts rather painfully with the elegant masonry surrounding them. I have seen no works of art on this continent which bear the stamp of so great an-

tiquity as these walls. Around this spot I lingered till the shadows of night gathered over me, and then passed on wherever the streets happened to lead the way. The town is in the shape of a parallelogram, and contains but four principal streets, running north and south. These are crossed by others at right angles a long distance apart. Originally the entire street was paved with shells, cemented together with lime mortar, and made smooth and hard as rock. It was not intended that loaded wagons should pass over them. Havana was the pattern after which the city was built, and the conveniences of business, trade, and commerce were not thought of. The houses, with their projecting balconies, are so near together that the traveler is in the shade nearly all the time, even at meridian. These narrow streets and high, overhanging, gloomy walls, in the deep twilight, made the impression on my mind that I was in an unfrequented alley of some city, and, in my forgetfulness, was ever quickening my steps to get out into the broad street. The city was built as if this continent afforded but little room, and that the best improvement must be made of what there was. The necessity for space in cities was not felt any where till commerce had set the world in motion, and gave to business its present gigantic proportions.

In my wanderings I soon reached a large bastion, due west from the parade ground on the western limits of the town, built of *coquina* and oyster shells, cemented with mortar. It was large enough to accommodate fifty soldiers, and was in a state of perfect preservation. Its salient angle was to the west, and its two faces served as parts of a fence which inclosed the grounds of a convent. Here I paused, surrounded by that mingling and waning of light with darkness, which are often seen between sunset and the rising of a full moon, and abandoned myself to meditation upon the generations which had once played so strange a part upon the ground where I stood, and had passed away forever. I had a sigh for the Indian, as I thought of the quiet village *Seloee*, which occupied this ground in 1565, when the remorseless Pedro Menendez Aviles, with the title of "Addantado of Florida," first entered, with his piratical fleet, this magnificent harbor, formed by an elbow in this arm of the sea. I thought of the hearty reception he received from the chief of the Yemasses, and by the tribe generally; of the example of hospitality the *savages* set him by freely awarding to him the best house in the place, while he was indulging in his murderous intentions against Ribault's colony of French Protestants in Fort Caroline on

the St. John's, and against all parties who claimed any rights in the New World; and I fear resentment burned into guilt as I thought of the cold-blooded slaughter which in less than a week he visited upon those Huguenots, sparing neither age nor sex; and as my mind dwelt upon the treachery he practiced in luring into his power the shipwrecked Ribault and his newly-arrived colonists, many of them the best blood of their country, and then slaughtering them, one after another, till the dead bodies of hundreds lay strewed about the ground, and their innocent blood uniting, flowed in streams over the sandy beach, it was a satisfaction to think that to the Lord belongeth vengeance, and that he will repay. I confess it was not wholly unpleasant to think of the swift and terrible chastisements which Satouriana, the chief, whose town and country the inhuman Spaniards had taken possession of, inflicted from time to time upon them, killing in the course of a few years the most notable of the colony, Menendez's own son being among the victims of savage retaliation. As I reflected that Dominie de Gourges, an old French soldier, learning that the imbecile Charles IX had treated the prayers of the widows Menendez had made with contempt, took the responsibility of fitting out an expedition at his own expense, and in 1568 visited the Spanish garrisons on the St. John's, annihilating the whole of them, I could but regard him as an instrument the Almighty used to teach these Catholic bigots what was implied in wholesale slaughter. I only wished that Menendez had not been absent in Spain, and that he had met Gourges face to face. I merely mention the feelings that ruled my breast at that hour, but do not attempt to justify them. I felt that it was a misfortune to be placed in circumstances where such acts of retaliation appeared to wear a justifiable aspect. I acknowledged the wrong, but could scarcely regret it.

During the first five years of Menendez's reign in St. Augustine, deaf alike to the prayers of the weak, the claims of innocence, and the cries of humanity, he butchered in cold blood, after betraying, not less than 2,000 Frenchmen, whose only crime was their Protestant faith. Uninvited he took possession of the quiet Indian village, planted his colony there, and fertilized it, as he supposed, with blood. But he was sowing dragon's teeth, as before his death he had reason to know. His course was sanctioned by his brother, the chaplain of the colony, was applauded by the King of Spain, and approved by the Pope.

I reflected upon the large sums of gold Spain

had spent in the course of two hundred and fifty years to maintain its power upon the spot where I stood, fitting out fleets, fortifying the place, feeding the colonists, making additions to their number, paying their soldiers, and supporting missionaries among the Indians; and yet the colony never possessed an element of vitality or the least inherent strength. It was always as dependent upon the mother country for subsistence as is the infant upon its mother's breast. The root of the whole concern was in Spain, and not in Florida. Agriculture, manufacture, and commerce were out of the question. Every thought, and feeling, and action bore a military stamp, and every body was a salaried hireling, and looked to a distant government for pay and supplies. The watching and waiting was not for the ripening harvest, but for the provision ship. After a lapse of one hundred and fifty years the settlement was as dependent upon imported provisions and clothing as during the first year of its existence. In 1712 the usual foreign supplies failed, and the inhabitants of St. Augustine were reduced to the verge of starvation. And now the United States Government is feeding rations to the remaining relics of that degenerate race. Such communities should never be established, for they are a consuming curse on any country that is foolish enough to foster them. He who will not work should not eat, and should be allowed to die. Spain carried this matter of colonization upon this continent so far that her home resources, both of men, money, and provisions, became exhausted. She lost her position as a first-class power, and became one of the weakest and meanest of nations. All her best blood was absorbed by foreign soil. Her expulsion of the Moors and her Inquisition accelerated her ruin and deepened her infamy.

I have made search for an account of the death of Menendez, and find that he closed a life of cruelty and of gnawing fears in 1574, while on a visit to Spain. God permitted this man to die, probably to teach us lessons of charity, and that it is not our province to touch the hilt of the sword of vengeance, and that in eternity there is room to make just and ample rewards for all the deeds done in the body here. But his name still gave character to the St. Augustine colony, which made it an outlaw, and the common prey of all outlaws and of all nations. In 1586 Sir Francis Drake, passing from the south up the coast, happened to discover the Spanish lookout on Anastasia Island, crossed the bar, went into the harbor, destroyed the town, and passed on. Don Pedro, a nephew of Menendez, was in command at the time.

And as I sat upon that bastion over which two centuries had passed, and which had witnessed many scenes of carnage, waiting for the full-orbed moon to come up, it seemed that the light I then enjoyed was about equal to that of the age in which the work was built. The gloomy convent, standing but a few steps behind me, in which a few faint glimmerings of light could be seen, indicated that the religion of those times had come down to us without having experienced much change. The place Christianity occupied in such a state of society must be a matter of curious and painful interest. I find that the Catholic form of religion was the acknowledged source of all influence and power. Menendez said mass before engaging in a slaughter. The influence of the priests and the fathers was second to that of no other class. To all the butcheries they gave their influence and sanction. Great efforts were made to convert the Indians to the knowledge of the truth. Large numbers of baptized converts were made, missions were established in various places, and houses of worship built. Father Francis Panjor came over from Mexico and translated into the language of the Yemassee "An Abridgment of Christian Doctrine," which was probably the first book ever printed in an Indian dialect. But their work was doomed to experience an interruption. The natives had been taught too much, and they proved to be apt scholars. The story of the massacre of the Fort Caroline garrison and of the shipwrecked colonists, and of their bodies being left upon the beach to be devoured by alligators and wild beasts, was fresh in every mind, and many a *padre* had tried in vain to explain away the force of these cruelties from the instincts of their converts. The seed sown by example had taken deep root, and the harvest was about ripe. A son of the chief of the Province of Guale, who had for some time been a hopeful proselyte, took offense under reproof for scandalous conduct, and vowed vengeance against all the missionaries. He gathered together a band of warriors, infused into them his own spirit, entered the mission-house just north of the city gate, and slew the devoted priest while at his prayers, severed the head from the body, set it on a pike-staff, and exhibited it to the derision of the people. This scene took place where the Catholic burying-ground now is. They then went from mission to mission, and every-where left a track of blood behind them. While their deadly weapons were raised over the head of father Inontes, he begged permission to celebrate mass once more before he died. The privilege was granted him.



These services ended, he knelt in silent prayer, and while in that attitude the fatal blow was given, and he fell upon the altar a mangled corpse. All the missions were broken up and nearly all the fathers slain.

Menendez hung the bodies of the butchered Huguenots upon trees about Fort Caroline, and wrote under them this inscription: "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." De Gourges did the same thing with the bodies of his victims, and wrote under them in Spanish this inscription: "Not as to Spaniards, nor as to outcasts, but as to traitors, thieves, and murderers." The Indians were less ceremonious. They threw the bodies of the priests to the wild beasts, and but few of them ever had burial. Thus "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." These priests seemed to be very single-hearted and zealous in their work, and we can but pity their hapless fate. Yet their tragic end was but the legitimate harvest of the seed they had been sowing from time to time since the founding of St. Augustine. It is not strange that missions established by men who ignored the claims of humanity have become so utterly extinct that not a vestige of them is left. It is well they have passed away; their success would not have been the success of Christianity nor the elevation of the human race.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### GOD'S KINGDOM.

GOD'S kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. Here our brightest joys are evanescent; only some earnest of the future joy are vouchsafed to us. A few flowers only gathered from that paradise are given us; and these even, as in an uncongenial climate, wither while we look upon them. In this remote land we hear but a few strains of the harmonies of the blessed, and these only for a little; but there, the joys shall be pure and permanent, the harmonies glorious. Here, joy enters into us; but there, we shall breathe an atmosphere fragrant with bliss, and enter an ocean of joy. There, there will be errands of beneficence of which we shall be never weary; embassies of love in which there can occur no disappointment; researches that will be never vain, and discoveries that shall never disappoint. There the changeable shall give place to the unchangeable; the precarious to that which is stable; and the beauty of the vision, and the evanescence of it that now is, to the splendor of a vision that shall not be dimmed or withdrawn forever.

#### THAT STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY HARRIET N. BARR.

WHEN a school-girl in a strange city I used to amuse myself in my daily walks by studying the expression of the various faces I encountered, and speculating upon the possible histories of their owners. One lady in particular, whom I met almost every time I went out, interested me when I first saw her, and that feeling of interest grew stronger each time I looked upon her till at last the whole pleasure of my walk lay in the fact of seeing her. And when, on one or two occasions, I failed to meet her as usual, I wandered several squares beyond my prescribed bounds and then turned and went slowly home, feeling almost as much disappointed as the child who finds that his birthday gift of a new book contains only useful reading instead of the bright pictures and thrilling tales with which his fancy had invested it. I should have found it difficult to explain to another what there was in her that thus attracted me. Beauty always had a perfect charm for me, but I saw plenty of faces more beautiful than hers. I knew that she was both richly and tastefully attired, because I had heard persons say so who were better judges of those things than I was; but the magnet which drew me toward her lay in none of these, but in a sort of sorrowful, appealing look which the soul seemed to send out of those beautiful eyes. To me her face was full of soul, but that not a free and happy soul basking in God's sunlight, but shorn of its liberty, and, as it were, imprisoned. And so, of too gentle a spirit to beat against the bars of her cage, or to utter an outcry to be free, she stood looking out in patient sadness as if saying to herself, "I have never tasted freedom." To this imaginary captive soul I gave every day fresh, warm sympathy of which its owner little dreamed. At last I began to long to talk with some one about her, and one day while returning from Church was delighted to see this unknown lady exchange greetings with the teacher who was walking beside me. As soon as she had passed I said, "Do n't you think that lady has a mournful look?"

"Mournful!" she repeated with her own bright smile, and opening with wonder those eyes which were accustomed to seeing sunshine everywhere; "mournful! do you think so? Why, she has every thing in this world to make her happy—a beautiful home, a kind husband, and unbounded wealth. She is set-

tled, too, quite near her father and mother, and brothers and sisters, who almost idolize her. No one so loved and cherished as she is can have any thing to make her look sad."

"But, for all that, she *does* look so," I persisted.

"Now that we speak of her, I recollect having heard, the other day, that her health is rather delicate, though not sufficiently so to alarm her friends. Perhaps that accounts for the mournful expression you fancy."

"It seems to me, rather, that there is some unsatisfied yearning deep down in some corner of her heart."

"Perhaps you are right for once, though I never should have guessed any such dissatisfaction from her face, for her family are all very gay and worldly, and I confess I do not understand how any reflecting being can feel quite satisfied to live on year after year caring only for the outer life, and knowing nothing of that inner life of faith in the Son of God."

Yes, here was the simple solution of the mystery that had puzzled me. The soul that has never learned to love God and to trust him is indeed imprisoned.

Time passed on, and as I continued to watch my unknown friend I saw that she grew more pale and feeble. She began to take shorter walks and to move more slowly, and then she ceased coming out at all, so that for a time I quite lost sight of her. When I met her again after that interval of seclusion I noticed an entire change. The old look of patient sadness had passed away; a free and happy soul shone out of those eyes. The unrest seemed all gone, and I felt sure that the heart had found safe anchorage. Before long I began to hear others speak of her.

"How bright and happy she looks! Apparently she has quite recovered her health," said one.

"Yes, she is even more strong and vigorous than ever, and what is better still she has become a Christian."

"Yes, she has just united with the Church; but I am told that she has had a very strange experience, quite unlike any thing I ever heard of before."

"O, how I should like to know all about it!" I said to myself. If it is true that earnest wishes are entitled to the significance of prayers mine were certainly rewarded with a most gracious answer, for, through the kindness of a friend, I was permitted to read the following letter written by that lady the week after she became a member of the Church:

"You say truly, my dear friend, that I

could not have taken the step I did last Sabbath without having previously passed through some deep heart-experience of my needs; but you should not have apologized for asking me to unfold this to you. The wish to know something of my inner life shows you to be more than a surface friend; and though it is a new and strange thing for me to thus speak of feelings long hidden from my nearest relatives, I will try to break through the habits of extreme reticence in which I have been held, both because I feel that I need Christian counsel, and that it is only through a knowledge of what passes in the hearts of our friends that we can obey the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' As to my experience, I had heard much of 'deep and pungent convictions of sin,' 'a dread of eternal punishment, and a desire to flee from the wrath to come,' and I always supposed that if I ever became a Christian it would be through the same way; that I should first be made to experience all the horrors of guilt and despair, and then be raised up to the high places of rejoicing and praise; but I have been led through entirely different paths from these. Though I have connected myself with the Church, and am trying to follow Christ, it was no dread of hell that led me to him, and no fear of punishment, only a sweet sense of his great goodness and loving-kindness drew me irresistibly toward him. Perhaps many good people would doubt my conversion were I to tell them that I had never experienced one orthodox conviction, and I sometimes think that I may be deceiving myself, and have no right to feel that I am one of Christ's little ones, when I have entered his fold, not terrified and panting through the dangers I had escaped, but because the sweet cords of love and gratitude drew me thither. You know my past life, how peculiarly love-guarded and peaceful it has been. Our parents have lived only to make us happy, and our days were so filled up with pleasant events as to leave no time for serious reflection. Even when I married I was spared all thought of responsibility and solicitude for the future, and had only to sun myself in the affections thus offered. I was always gay and happy, but utterly thoughtless, and might have remained so to the end of time had not God in his infinite mercy 'weakened my strength in the way.' I had no particular ailment, but the high health which had caused me to sleep soundly gradually left me, and while I suffered no pain, I was wakeful from physical weakness. Night after night I lay

listening to the ticking of the clock, and trying to repeat familiar quotations which should lull me to sleep. All in vain; that blessed 'restorer' which had always hitherto come at my call and sometimes without being summoned, now shyly kept aloof, and there was no help for it. That which then seemed to us all a terrible misfortune I have since found was only God's way of affording me time to think. Then by degrees, like sweet Maud Muller,

'A vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled my breast,  
A wish that I hardly dared to own,  
For something better than I had known.'

"My old nurse often used to tell me that I might well seem happy, for I had every thing that heart could wish for. She little knew that my heart was at that very time craving better food than even that wealth of affection which my husband and family lavished upon me; they all deplored my feeble health, and said that it was beginning to tell upon my looks, but they did not know that when the soul had once asserted her rights and satisfied her craving for her rightful aliment the body would grow strong again. I now began to find a strange pleasure in lonely walks, and those long, sleepless nights, once so wearisome, were welcomed as seasons of quiet thought. My soul was, though darkly, feeling after the God who had made it. During one of those nights a passage which I had long ago heard in Church came back to me: "Despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?" The words had merely lodged in my memory; now I felt their meaning for the first time. A sense of the riches of his goodness swept through my soul. I saw how he had given me every pleasant thing to make life desirable, and how happy I had always been through the richness and profusion of his gifts, and a strange yearning to thank him and to love him for all these things began to possess me; and so night after night I lay thinking of all his goodness, and trying to feel my way up to him. The more I thought upon these things the more his character opened and enlarged before me, till day and night I was possessed by the one theme, the infinite goodness of God. My soul panted to get nearer to him and to hold communion with him, to talk with him as a man would talk with his best friend. It is this desire to know more of him, to get nearer to him, that has led me into the Church. I feel that I can never live again apart from

him, and that if I should forget him my soul would be in great darkness, even as the shadow of death. 'My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God,' but it is only through a sense of the riches of his goodness that I have been thus led to him. 'O, that all would praise the Lord for his goodness!'"

As I recall this incident which interested me so much in my girlhood, I feel that hers was indeed a "strange experience." For each year the conviction presses more and more forcibly and sadly upon my mind that when God smiles upon us and scatters blessings all around us we forget—if we do not despise—"the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering." Instead of letting that goodness lead us to repentance and loving trust in him, we rush madly on in our vain self-confidence till we make some fatal mistake, or fall into grievous sin. Then, too late, we find that if we are ever "strong" it must be "in the Lord and in the power of his might."

#### CONCERNING EXORDIUMS.

BY REV. JAMES I. BOSWELL.

A SPEECH, like a battle, requires great care in the opening movements. The first ten minutes foreshadow its fate. If at the end of that time attention fails to be arrested, all subsequent speaking will most likely be in vain. In the celebrated speeches which have come down to us we find no where more skill displayed than in the opening part.

Robert Hall was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of modern times. Though his gift for extemporaneous speaking was marvelous, it was his custom to write out with greatest care the first few sentences of his sermon. This he called "digging a channel for his thoughts to flow in." After his thoughts had coursed this channel they expanded into language majestic as a river, bearing along the almost breathless attention of a vast congregation.

The poorest introduction to a speech is an apology. Seldom indeed is it called for, and still more seldom is it gracefully made. Sometimes it springs from a false humility, and sometimes from affectation. In nearly every case it adds to the awkward embarrassment of the speaker and the annoyance of his audience. Mr. A. is announced to speak. We are all anxious to hear him, for his eloquent sentences have rung out far and wide over the land. A rich intellectual treat awaits us all.

He rises and trembles, and thus, in a low voice, he begins, "Mr. President, I am not well this evening, the hour is late, and those who have preceded me have treated the subject fully and eloquently. It is, therefore, useless to detain you longer." What a disappointment—he is not going to speak! If what he says be true his good sense will lead him to resume his seat. But no; he adds: "I shall venture, however, to make a few brief remarks." Then follows a speech brilliant and abounding with touches of pathos and humor, eloquent in the highest degree and nearly an hour in length. We listen with delight and surprise. Why should such a speech be prefaced with such an apology? Because the orator felt his own fame was his rival. He could not rise to public expectation unless he first depressed it. He was sick, to be sure. His face was flushed with fever, and his nervous system unnaturally sensitive. For that very reason he should not have made an apology, for his state of suffering added power to his oratory, and made him eclipse his former efforts. The nervous system of the orator, like a harp, gives forth the clearest and sweetest notes when strung to its highest tension.

The skillful orator delights to take advantage of some circumstance of place or time. His introduction relates to some passing event which has just engaged the attention of the audience. Perhaps he makes the closing remark of the last speaker, which still lingers in the air the starting-point of his own address. This method was adopted with happy effect by an orator well known in the Methodist Church, who began an address some years ago in the following manner: "Our worthy secretary has just said that he has given us merely the outlines, the *skeleton* of the subject. I must differ from him. Perhaps this was all that he intended, but when he began, like the prophet of old, to prophesy among the dry bones, lo! they came together, flesh covered them, breath was in them, and they lived. The figures and facts began to glow with life." These few words accomplished the orator's purpose. The skillful allusion to another speaker aroused an interest in his own behalf which he maintained to the end.

Some years ago a political orator began with an introduction which has probably been used by many speakers as common property. The Scriptural allusion shows that the Bible has choice materials for the orator as well as the theologian. We find many such allusions in the speeches of Chatham and Burke, whose names will never be forgotten while the En-

glish language is known among men: "Those who have already spoken," said the politician, "have gone over the field of discussion so thoroughly that they seem to have gathered in the harvest. Little is left for me to do. Yet the field is so vast that some part may have been overlooked. Be it mine, then, like the Hebrew maiden of old, to follow the steps of the gleaners, and perhaps with diligent search I may be able to gather a sheaf."

One of the most striking exordiums in the language is found in Burke's speech on American taxation—a subject which will call forth the highest powers of American orators as it called forth the highest powers of England's orators ninety years ago. The debate in the House of Parliament had been dull and tedious, and the evening far advanced. Many members had withdrawn to the adjoining rooms or to places of refreshment. Burke arose. We fancy we hear his voice rising louder and clearer at every sentence of his keen exordium. We see the members crowding back to the hall, and hear its walls echoing to their applause. We follow him with breathless attention in his masterly speech, which filled England and America with its fame, and was like a battle fought for our cause. Hear him as he rises and speaks: "Sir, I agree with the honorable gentleman who spoke last that this subject is not new in this house. Very disagreeably to this house, very unfortunately to this nation, and the peace and prosperity of this whole empire, no topic has been more familiar to us. For nine long years session after session we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. We have had them in every shape, we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted, reason is fatigued, experience has given judgment, but obstinacy is not yet conquered." Such words were a fitting introduction to the arguments that followed.

Some years ago the "Woman's Rights Convention" held its May anniversary in one of our Eastern cities. The spacious hall was crowded in every part. The galleries were filled with young men, who tried to turn every thing into ridicule. In vain did the fair president call the meeting to order. In vain did one fair speaker shake her indignant curls and denounce "those unruly boys." Even a venerable Quakeress, with starched cap and kerchief, could not with all her good sense and dignity soothe down or frown down the troubled elements. The elements were irrepressible. Laughing, hissing, calls for order, whistling,



and a multitude of indescribable sounds turned the place into a scene of universal discord and confusion. Four helpless women tried to speak, but with only imperfect success. In utter helplessness they looked to one of the sterner sex, a staunch friend of their cause, the eloquent orator of Massachusetts. He arose, and waited and waited till the noisy crowd began to weary and to grow silent from curiosity to see whether he would ever open his lips. At last, with an unruffled manner, with perfect ease, and in a tone of singular sweetness and clearness, he thus began: "I augur very well for the success of our cause from our meeting this evening. This is what we must expect if we advocate an unpopular cause. Be not discouraged. Ours is a great reform, and every reform has to pass through such an ordeal as this. After the night of trial will come the dawn of triumph. Now we hear the noise of disapprobation, but soon will come the voice of applause." This, in substance, was the exordium, and it at once arrested attention. The orator achieved a triumph, he silenced his adversaries, and took his seat amid loud and continued applause.

The orator, as a rule, begins his speech in calm and unimpassioned tone. His language is measured, and his feelings are kept in check. The key-note must not be higher than his audience can reach to. But there are rare occasions when the audience is already under the deepest excitement, when no argument or appeal is needed. Let the orator begin his speech with a faltering voice, and with the tear dimming the eye, and he will find a ready response in the hearts of all who hear him. Such an occasion presented itself on the Sunday after the late President's death. Not a congregation but was deeply moved, and the first sentence of a sermon on that subject could not have been uttered with too much feeling. History records a touching scene which occurred at the death of Louis XIV, the "grand monarch" of France. He lay in his coffin in the great cathedral of Paris. Innumerable wax tapers lit up the dark aisles of the building. Torn battle-flags, which told of victories won, hung thick around the walls. Here were gathered the high and noble of the realm, the valor and the beauty of France. Soldiers and scholars, princes and preachers drew near to pay the last tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. Massillon was appointed to preach the sermon. He ascended the pulpit. He cast one long and sad look at the face of him who was once so great, he turned his gaze heavenward, and then, looking at the living before

him, he said, while his eyes filled with tears and his voice trembled with emotion, "My brethren, God only is great."

### PECULIARITIES OF COWPER.

BY REV. NELSON BOUNDS, D. D.

IT will not be expected that under this title one should dwell upon the events of Cowper's childhood, the sufferings of his early orphanage, the fact that his family were a branch of the English aristocracy, that his father was chaplain to George II, that his grandfather was a peer of the realm, or that in his youth he gave marked proof of poetic talent. A sufficient general idea of his life is presented in his own words in the following bird's-eye view: "From the age of twenty to thirty-three I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty I spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage-maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author; it is a whim which has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last."

One of the peculiarities early developed in this truly-good man and eminent poet, was his constitutional and incorrigible diffidence. Of this, one incident in his life must serve as a sufficient illustration. Having acquired a thorough classical, though not a university education, and having completed his legal course in the Inner Temple, Cowper was, by the great influence of his family, appointed clerk of the journals of the House of Lords. He had been nominated to this position in view of his timidity, because that functionary had seldom, if ever, to appear in Parliament. But a dispute in that body made it necessary that he should be present on a certain day at the bar of the Lords, in order to entitle him publicly to the office. But although he had, by months of application, made himself familiar with the journals, yet such was his self-distrust, and his fear that on appearing before that august body his presence of mind would forsake him, that he dared not make the attempt. His friends were anxious he should have the position: he was well aware of its honorable character, and felt the need of its emoluments, but as the day drew near his terrors overpowered him, and he resigned the place.

This same feature of character occasioned his

constant retirement from society through life; and really made him a recluse; not a monk, however, isolated from his race; for though absent from the world, he blessed the world. And it was the distress of mind induced by this timidity in conflict with his naturally strong ambition which produced that mental aberration which is the next speciality we shall notice.

This was a peculiarity which, from time to time, marked the character of Cowper strongly and sadly to the end of his days. Not that insanity is something of rare occurrence in the history of the human mind; but the singularity of the case is, that one so subject to mental derangement should, in his lucid intervals, have composed works which entitle him to a place among the first of poets; that such poems as the *Table Talk*, *Retirement*, and *The Task* should be the offspring of a mind that had waded through two protracted periods of mental alienation; and that such effusions as the *Olney Hymns*, which God's people will sing with edification and comfort to the end of time, were composed by him when he had recently emerged from one eclipse of reason, and was already entering the penumbra of another. Excepting Tasso, we have never read of any other instance like this. And Tasso's lunacy did not come upon him till after his principal works had been completed. But Cowper's came early; and being much enhanced by his seclusion, but still more by the strong views of predestination which he had adopted, continued to afflict him till death; for these views, in times of morbid dejection, suggested the thought that he was a reprobate, and plunged him in despair. Yet the mind of Cowper was so symmetrical and replete with rich thought, that, like the ruins of the Parthenon, its very fragments are beautiful.

The subject of these remarks was peculiar in his domestic life. Disappointed in love by an afflictive providence in early life, he never afterward entertained thoughts of marriage. His parents deceased, his brother a Fellow in Oxford University, and his more distant relatives not prepared to incorporate in either of their households a person who, from his mental infirmities, required much care, he fell providentially into the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, of Huntingdon. This gentleman dying soon afterward, the mutual friendship existing between the family and Cowper held him with them. And when there were, aside from the domestics, no members of the household left but Mrs. Unwin and the poet, they still lived on together, and were only separated at last by the decease of the former at a very advanced age. Yet this singular association occasioned

no scandal. Mrs. Unwin being by a number of years his senior, perfectly exemplary, and eminently pious, their attachment, though strong, was sanctified, and assumed simply the form of filial regard on one side and parental on the other. Indeed, he used to say that he regarded her as his own mother restored to life again to compensate him for all the friends he had lost. Such a friend was of inestimable value to him in his periods of despondency. He was at such times a great sufferer, and this good woman was possessed of just that firmness, tenderness, and piety which his case required.

Other benevolent females of the highest social standing contributed largely to the health of Cowper's mind; as Lady Hesketh, his relative and correspondent, who also aided him pecuniarily; and especially the widow of Sir Robert Austen. This accomplished lady felt such sympathy for the stricken poet, that for several years she fixed her Summer residence near his retreat, and coöperated with Mrs. Unwin in promoting his welfare. Of a cheerful temperament, her sprightly conversation was like a cordial to his spirit, and went far to counteract the tendencies of his mind to insanity. To her, as Cowper's prompter, the world is indebted for "*The Task*," and that most laughable ballad "*John Gilpin*." Her immediate object in encouraging him to write was to rouse the mind of the drooping hypochondriac; the result has been an imperishable literary treat to all the lovers of fine writing. As Cowper claimed Mrs. Unwin for his mother, he now considered Lady Austen his sister, and describing the anomalous but strong affection that bound the trio together, he says:

"There was a friendship, then begun,  
That has cemented us in one,  
And placed it in our power to prove,  
By long fidelity and love,  
That Solomon has wisely spoken—  
A threefold cord is not soon broken."

The society of Cowper, in his retirement, was mostly female, and the piety denoted by his spotless intercourse under these abnormal relations and otherwise, is the last special point to which we would advert in his character.

It is interesting—for Paul says not many wise men after the flesh are called—to mark the effect of Christianity on persons of eminent gifts and culture. And we find here no exception to the rule, that godliness is profitable for all things. The reader has observed the beautiful effect of the sun's rays on a Winter's morning upon the fields of snow, and how the myriads of crystal flakes by refraction become so many jewels in miniature, and sapphires,

emeralds, and chrysolites sparkle all around you with a perfection of colors unequaled elsewhere in nature. And such we have thought is the effect of grace upon the human soul—it brings out latent endowments and beauties which had otherwise never appeared. What a mighty effect it produced in Cowper! It made an ornament and a blessing to his race of one who had else been known only as an effeminate trifler, or a moral wreck. It made a man of him. It placed him in a proud position among those who have labored mightily and with success for God and for the world. Cowper experienced a change of heart under the influence of Methodism, which, commencing about the time of his birth—1731—had become a power in England when he attained to manhood. It was the Calvinistic wing of that great movement, however, which reached him, and embraced several other members of the Cowper family as its subjects. Martin Madan, one of Lady Huntingdon's preachers and cousin german to the poet, had much influence, together with John Newton, in the formation of his religious sentiments; as did also Whitefield, whom, in his poem on Hope, he defends in immortal lines against the calumnies of a persecuting age. Cowper exercised the faith which brought justification while reading by himself the third chapter of Romans. This was about the year 1764. Called a Methodist by way of reproach, and not disavowing the name, he cultivated those graces and exercised himself in that course of practical benevolence which adorned that people in the days of the Wesleys. His change was decisive. Deeply spiritual and zealous for others, he was made useful to many, and among them his brother John, at the University, who, though already in orders, was ignorant of experimental religion, but was brought by William's influence to the knowledge of Christ upon his dying bed. Cowper was for a time himself deeply exercised on the subject of preaching. But his conscious dread of public exhibitions led him to abandon the idea. And when his second volume of poems had gained him a reputation, he was convinced of the wisdom of his decision, and wrote somewhat humorously to Lady Hesketh, "I might have preached more sermons than even Tillotson did, and the world have still been fast asleep; but a volume of verse is a fiddle, which puts the universe in motion." He, however, cooperated with his friend Newton at Olney in pastoral duties, and composed for him sixty-eight hymns, several of which adorn the present Methodist collection. And while, in after life, his loss of health and mental mala-

dies may have moderated the vividness of his piety, they did not affect its soundness and evangelical tone.

But we wish to speak of his piety as manifested in his verse; for our object is to benefit any who may read this article, by attracting their attention to a Christian poet in whose works all the charms of rhyme, measure, and imagery are employed to impress the mind with religious truth. He set out with this object. Hear him speak for himself: "My drift is to be useful; a point which, however, I knew I should in vain aim at, unless I could be likewise entertaining. I have, therefore, fixed these two strings to my bow, and by the help of both have done my best to send my arrows to the mark. My readers will hardly have begun to laugh, before they are called upon to correct that levity, and peruse me with a more serious air. As to the effect, I leave it alone in His hands who can produce it; neither prose nor verse can reform a dissolute age, much less can inspire a sense of religious obligation, unless assisted or made efficacious by the Power who superintends the truth he imparts." Again, in the Task:

"I, therefore, recommend, though at the risk  
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,  
The cause of piety, and sacred truth,  
And virtue; and those scenes which God ordained  
Should best secure them, and promote them most."

And again in the Table-Talk we see the beautiful ideal of what he wished to be:

"'T were new indeed to see a bard all fire,  
Touched with a coal from Heaven assume the lyre,  
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,  
With more than mortal music on his tongue,  
That he who died below and reigns above  
Inspires the song, and that his name is love."

And Cowper gained the object of his noble ambition. All his large poems are imbued with religious sentiment, and have contributed greatly to disseminate evangelical piety throughout the range of the English language. The gift he so well describes in the following is apparent throughout his volumes:

"The gift whose office is the Giver's praise,  
To trace him in his various works and ways,  
Then spread the rich discovery and invite  
Mankind to share in the Divine delight."

Of course there are other sacred poets, as Milton, Young, and Pollok. But Cowper differs from them all. There is none that can fill his place. He is a Christian monitor; comes right home to the business and bosoms of men. *Paradise Lost* is sublime, but not practical,

Night Thoughts has much to do with the themes of religion; but its starlit visions, rapt reveries, are not natural to the common mind. The Course of Time is evangelical and impressive; but its point of observation is from heaven, and its view is retrospective. Cowper's standpoint is on earth; his eye is on passing events; and his feelings pulsate in magnetic sympathy with the common heart. His book might be well called *The Course of Life*. He is practical; makes himself felt as a religious teacher in all the proprieties, amenities, and charities of life, with rulers and with subjects, in the public walks and the private ways of men; and *takes off* the inconsistencies, follies, and vices of society, both high and low, in city and in country, in Church and in State.

These remarks apply with full force to *The Task*, the most important of his original poems, both as to extent and merit—a work in which are blended all the great qualities of poetry, humor, tenderness, sublimity, and imagination. There is nothing written in English verse that surpasses it. When you read it you regret you had not read it earlier. A rich literary feast, it improves both head and heart. And to borrow one of its own elegant forms of expression, when you lay it down you are ready to say it is honor enough for a private man that Cowper's language is his mother tongue.

#### ANTICIPATION OF EVIL.

IF mental pain were a thing that could be measured or weighed, it would probably be found that at least half of what rational beings endure arises, not from present distress, not from recollection of past misery, but from anticipation of future evil. The poet tells us that "coming events cast their shadows before;" to which we may add, that these shadows are commonly much longer and darker than the objects that project them. How often are we unable to enjoy our present blessings from the fear that they soon will be taken away! The presence of a friend sometimes gives sorrow rather than joy, as the hour of parting draws near.

Hope is given to us as a counterbalance to this painful trial of fear. Man's spirit usually vibrates between them; but if hope were entirely removed—if evils now dreaded were regarded as certain—how terrible a cloud would brood over life! If the young queen of France, in the bloom of her youth and beauty—flattered, admired, adored—could have foreseen the

horrors to come—the massacre, the prison, the ghastly guillotine—and known that for her, and those whom she loved, there was no escape from insult, bonds, and a terrible death, how present pleasure would have lost its sweetness, pomp all its dazzling glitter! An unvailed skeleton, as it were, would have sat beside her at every feast, and the savage yells of ferocious crowds would have drowned the bursts of music and the welcoming shouts of the people.

Foreknowledge, that grand but fearful gift, was possessed by our Heavenly Master. Hope could never whisper to him that Malice should weave her net and dig her pit in vain; that powerful friends should rise up in the hour of need; that Roman justice would protect his innocence; or that his nation, won by his miracles, would accept him as their Messiah. No; the Lord had before him shame, insult, agony, death; a doom as inevitable as it was fearful. No soft vail of hope, no mist of doubt, hid the awful truth from his eyes. But foreknowledge relaxed not his efforts, shook not his resolution; calmly, unflinchingly, Christ pursued the course set before him, though he knew that the cross was its goal.

But the Lord would spare his people the suffering from which he shrank not. Foreknowledge is in mercy denied them, though sinful superstition is ever seeking to pluck that forbidden, that fatal fruit. And with the most tender compassion for human weakness Christ would remove, did we suffer it, anticipation of evil. "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Is not such a Divine command to the fear-tossed soul the voice of Him who said to the tempest, "Peace, be still!" and there followed "a great calm?" The winds and the waves obeyed that voice; our mistrustful hearts will not obey; we press our fears deeper into our flesh, as if we loved the thorn that pierced us, meeting misfortune half-way, destroying our peace by anticipating evils that never may come, or which, if they come, we may find to be "vailed angels," "blessings in disguise."

"All things work together for good to them that love him." If faith received this as truth, would our hearts so often be troubled? We need more simple, more confiding faith; the faith of a little child that takes hold of a parent's hand, and walks on in an unknown path, sure of safe and loving guidance. The child knows that if the way grow too rough for her tender feet, the parent will not leave nor forsake her, but, like the Good Shepherd, will raise her in his arms, and carry her in his bosom.



## The Children's Repository.

### THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

BY ANNA JULIA TOY.

THERE was a district school about a mile distant from Spring Lawn, where Harry Somers lived. To this school Harry went from October to March. When March came, and it was time to plant the peas and potatoes, Harry's father, who thought that education was not the first thing in the world, said he needed Harry's help on the farm. So desks and books were deserted for plows and harrows, and grains of knowledge for grains of corn. Yet do you believe that Harry grew up ignorant? Not he. You would sometimes see him as he went down a furrow holding his plow with one hand and his book with the other. Or while his horses were resting from their midday toil he would be reclining under the shade of a tree with his elbow upon the sod, his head upon his hand, and his eyes upon the open book. He did not believe in letting the circumstances of life control him. He was for making the best of every thing, for improving his time.

However, Harry went to school in the Winter-time. One day as he was coming home, in company with a school-mate, he saw at the roadside a most beautiful little Newfoundland dog about ten weeks old. O, he was a splendid fellow! The dog was without any master, and far away from any house. Harry knew he must have got lost in some way or other, but to whom he belonged he could not tell. He took him in his arms, waited a few minutes to see if any one was near to come and claim him, and then concluded to take him home. Now, next to a sail-boat, a dog is, perhaps, the chief thing in the eye of a boy. Harry had long been wishing for just such a dog as this. To be sure, Rover was there, but he was public property; he belonged to all the family. And besides that he was too old to learn any thing. Harry could not even teach him to jump over a stick.

As the two boys went along the dog, of course, was the object of tenderest interest, and, you know, what the heart feels most one is apt to speak of. Said Harry to George, "I declare, Smith, I'd like to have this dog. Won't he be a noble fellow?"

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"I do n't see what is to prevent you from having him. He is in your arms now. All you have to do is to keep him," responded Smith.

"Well, I do n't know where the owner is, that's a fact," said Harry.

"I do n't think I'd be at any great trouble to hunt him up," said Smith.

Harry went along thoughtfully. I know what made him so quiet. I can see into his mind and read his thoughts, although I am not there at the time, and it is said we can not see into people's minds. Do you think I am a kind of clairvoyant or witch? No, I do not even pretend to be either. But I have a double-glass telescope through which I can look and see a great deal which otherwise would be invisible. One of the glasses of my telescope is memory. By this I can look back and see exactly what passed in my own mind in childish days under exactly similar circumstances. Knowing that child-minds are very much alike, reading my own I can read others. The other glass of my telescope is the transparent truth of the Bible. Through that I see what the Holy Spirit writes upon all youthful consciences when under temptation, and it tells me, too, what nature and what Satan have written there. So through these telescopic glasses I can read Harry's unseen thoughts as he carried the little dog soberly along in his arms. There was a "pitched battle" between his thoughts down there in that concealed valley. First a charge from one side, then a charge from the other; all the good impulses, rank and file, against all the bad impulses, just as strong for the time, rank and file. His companion, Smith, seemed to be captain of the bad impulses, for it seemed that he was leading them on to victory under the generalship of the King of Evil.

By the time he reached home, through the persuasions of Smith and his own desires, he had about concluded to keep the dog without troubling himself to make any inquiry after the owner, pacifying his conscience with the assurance that if the owner came for him he would give him up. He took the fat, sleek little fellow to show him to his mother and his sister Jessie. But he went to them soberly, not with the earnest sprightliness he would have felt had the dog been a gift or if he had been bought with money earned by himself. His mother asked him where he got the dog.

"I found him," said Harry.

"Do you mean to keep him?" asked his mother.

"Can I keep him?" said Harry.

"If you think it perfectly right to do so," said his mother with emphasis, for she liked as much as she could to throw the responsibility of Harry's moral actions upon himself.

Harry was away from Smith and under better influences now, and with his mother's few words the true state of the case flashed like sunlight all through his soul. He saw plainly enough that he had had an idea away down in one corner of his mind who the owner was; but he had not allowed that idea to put up its head the one-hundredth part of an inch. He did not wish it to obtrude itself. That is just the way sinners always do. Down, down under the soil of their carnal natures or evil passions there are germs of good and right planted there by God's grace, and if they only would let those germs come up and crowd away that evil soil at the very first, before the soil gets hard and crust-like, how much easier it would be to be good, and how many more Christian boys and girls there would be!

Harry did not usually allow the wrong to overcome him entirely. Neither did he this time. As soon as this sunlike flash from his mother's words glanced athwart his soul, he abhorred himself, and upon the instant took up the dog that he had set upon the floor to let his mother and sister see him "toddle along," and went upon a full run over to the gentleman whom he supposed to be its rightful owner. And sure enough, it belonged to his little boy. The boy did not seem to care a penny for it. When Harry set him down at his feet he did not appear the least glad to see him. With the toe of his boot he rolled him over on his back, and then walked away. Harry could hardly help coveting him. He thought the boy might give him to him. But as he made no such offer Harry went home, satisfied with the consciousness that he had done right in taking him back. But I believe his memory to this day dwells with a sort of fondness upon that dog. It was a trial to Harry. But what boy, girl, man, or woman would be without trials? Not one if we could for a moment take such a view of our lives as our Heavenly Father takes. He sees the whole of this life and the whole of the next all together, just as if it were one little bit of a present minute.

Grandpa had not said a word when Harry brought in his dog. He only "kept up a wonderful thinking" and watching. He saw by his grandson's countenance the world of thought within, and he saw, also, after Harry's return that the inner tumult had subsided. He thought he knew his character well enough

to be certain that "right would triumph over might" at last. Not long after, when son, and daughter, and grandchildren were gathered about him as younger and older shoots gather about the original tree, he related to them

#### THE STORY OF THE HONEST JEW.

In a very old town in Germany there was a very old street. It was a street where a great many Jews lived, and was called "Judenstrasse," or "Jew's-street." It was right in the middle of the city, yet it was quiet and retired, for the gay and the wealthy did not care to walk through this poor part of the town. Almost all Jews love to make money, and so did one of those who lived in this street. But dearly as he loved to make money, he loved honesty and integrity better. His wife, too, was as true as steel, and you might as well have tried to turn the earth from her shining path among the stars as to try to turn either this old Jew or his wife from the course which they felt to be right.

The wife was beautiful, too, as well as good. She was as stately as an Eastern princess. I believe sterling, noble integrity always makes one stately. If the spirit within stands straight up it will make the body stand up straight too. Their house was neat, and their furniture was quite simple and very old. When it was first made it must have cost a good deal of money, for it was made of an uncommon kind of wood.

They seemed to be fond of antiquated things. In one of their closets they had sets of old Dresden china of different patterns. These they had bought from families who had once been rich, but had become poor, and needed the money more than they did the china. Behind this china closet there was another which no one would ever suspect of being there. The china had to be lifted out to get to it, and the panels were fitted into each other so tightly that they looked as if they were never meant to be moved at all.

One night, when the family was about to go to bed, a faint knock was heard at the door. The Jew went to open it, and who should be there but a German prince! The master of the house, kind to the high as well as to the lowly, cordially invited him in. After the Jew had stirred up the fire and made things pretty comfortable the prince told him his story and his errand.

He was just about to leave his home in the city, to go he did not know exactly where. Perhaps he would have to travel all over the world. He did not care either to have any

person in the city know where he would be. The officers of the Government were angry with him, and he was about to fly to get out of their way. But he had some valuable treasures which he did not wish to carry with him. He only wished to take enough to pay his own expenses. He had heard of the purity and honesty of this Jew, and had come to ask him if he would take charge of the rest of his treasure till he should ask him for it in the future. The Jew said he would do so with pleasure, and asked him to bring the treasure to him.

"I have it here," said the prince, and he drew a wide girdle or belt from underneath his vest. It was double, and was held together by springs which could not be seen. It was all lined with soft wool, and in the wool lay the treasure, a collection of the most precious and dazzling stones. The Jew was a wary young man. He knew how to do quiet business quietly. He closed the window-shutters tightly, so as to keep all outside people from knowing his secret. Then he and his wife together took down all the china from one side of the old closet, and then carefully slipping aside the closely-fitted panels which made the back part of the closet, they slipped the girdle into a little secret place under one of the shelves. Then they quickly put back the panels again, put up their china, shut the closet doors, and one to look at it would never have dreamed there was any treasure there more than the old china. The German prince thanked his new friends very heartily, shook hands with them and was soon far away, and the Jew and his wife had not the least idea where.

Months and years passed away. The Jew and his handsome wife Sarah were very industrious. They worked early and late. Indeed, they had to do so, for they had a family of sons who were growing up and had to have clothes, food, and education. After a time the French people came to make war upon the Germans. There was a terrible, terrible time. Frankfort, the city where the honest Jew lived, felt it sadly. All the Jews had to fly for their lives. Not even the honest and excellent character of this one could save him, so he too had to escape as quickly as he could. The soldiers went into his house, searched it all through, and carried off every thing which they could find that was worth taking. The poor Jews passed through a great deal of trouble. Even after they were allowed to go back to their houses any one of them who dared to put his face out of doors must either take off his hat

to those called "Christians" or else be stoned. Poor Sarah's heart often ached to see her husband and her brave boys insulted so.

After a long time the German prince came back. He had heard, as he wandered about from country to country, how the poor Jews of Frankfort had suffered. He quietly settled down in a country home not far from the city, and never thought of going after his treasures, for he supposed they had either been stolen in the ransacking of the house or that the Jew young man had used them for his own wants and those of his family. But he was not well acquainted with the character of him to whom he had committed his treasure. One morning while the prince was at breakfast he was told that a person wished to see him on business. The servant was told to bring him into the breakfast-room. Who should the man be but his old friend the Jew! The prince was very glad indeed to see him, and not a little surprised. He asked him to take a seat, and inquired after his family and so on.

"I came," said the Jew, "to talk to you about the treasure you left with me."

"O, do n't mind that at all," interrupted the prince, "but come take some breakfast with me. I pray do n't mention the affair. I am glad it was there to do you good at a time when you must have needed it so much. Sit down and let us drink this coffee and forget all about it."

The Jew took the chair which was offered to him, and as he sat down he said, "Believe me, prince, your treasure is safe. The robbers went again and again to the old china closet and took every dish and cup away, and, indeed, almost every thing else that belonged to us; but, thanks be to God, they did not find your treasure. When we went back to our house we found it in exactly the same spot where you saw us place it, and there it is now. It only awaits your order to be restored to you as you gave it."

The prince was astonished, and he said to the Jew, "Really, my friend, I scarcely believed that such virtue was to be found any where. But I see now that a man's integrity may stand the hardest trial. You have taught me to have a better opinion of human nature."

A few days afterward the prince called at the house in Juden-strasse and received his girdle without a stone missing. The prince was so delighted and surprised that everywhere he went he told this story of the Jew. He did not think that all the presents which he could give him would reward him sufficiently, so he wished to make him famous. And he

succeeded. The world heard the tale, and the humble Jew soon became the friend and companion of princes and nobles. His sons were educated in the same principles of honesty and integrity, and now the whole commercial world knows and honors the name. At this day the family are scattered about in the grandest cities of Europe, and are able to control the wealth of nations. Their possessions are immense. Their mother was often urged to go and live with one of the princely homes of her sons; but she spent a peaceful old age in the quaint old house in Juden-strasse. Her sons often visited her, and she was always glad to receive them in the very room where they first learned those lessons of honor and of truth, the first sure stepping-stones toward the secure position they now held.

This is a true sketch of the great house of "Rothschild"—a house which has lent England, as well as other nations, millions of money, and which, it is said, hopes to be able at some future day to purchase the "Holy Land" for the possession of the Jews.

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#### DO YOU WANT A BOY, SIR?

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"DO you want a boy, sir?" said George, a little fellow scarcely eight years old, to a clerk in a large office.

"Want a boy? Why, who wants to be engaged?" asked the smart-looking clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.

"I do, sir," replied George.

"Look here, gentlemen," cried the young man, speaking to his fellow-clerks, "here is a regular Goliath! Wants to be a porter, I suppose. Look at him!"

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood, full of earnest purpose, before them, and was, therefore, unconscious of any reason why he should be made an object of sport.

"What can you do?" asked one.

"You can post books, of course," said another.

"Carry a bale of goods on your back, eh?" cried a third.

"Hush, young gentlemen," said the elderly book-keeper at the desk, after viewing George through his spectacles. "Hush! do n't make sport of the child. Let me talk to him." Then, speaking to George in kindly tones, he said, "You are too young to be engaged, my child. Who sent you here?"

"I came myself, sir. My father and mother

are gone to heaven; my aunt is poor, and I want to earn something to help her. Won't you please to take me, sir?"

The simple story, told in a way that showed how earnest the boy was, not only checked the sport of the clerks, but brought tears to their eyes. They looked on the delicate child before them with pity and respect, and one of them, placing a shilling on the desk, asked the rest to follow his example. They did so. He then took the money, and offering it to George, said, "You are too small to be of any use here, my good boy. But take this money, and when you have grown a bit perhaps we may find something for you to do."

George looked at the money without offering to touch it.

"Why do n't you take the money?" asked the clerk.

"Please, sir, I 'm not a beggar-boy," said George; "I want to *earn* something to help my aunt to keep me, for she is very kind."

"You are a noble little fellow," said the senior clerk. "We give you the money not because we think you a beggar, but because we like your spirit. Such a boy as you will not easily become a beggar. Take the money, my boy, and may God bless you and give you and your aunt better days!"

I like George's spirit in this affair. It was noble, brave, and self-reliant beyond his years. It was the spirit that makes poor boys grow into useful and successful men. It made George do this, for in after years that little boy became a noted artist, whose praise was spoken by many tongues. All children should cherish a desire to do all they can for themselves, and to support themselves by their own labor as early as possible. Those who lean on father and mother for every thing will find it hard work to get along by and by, as they may have to do when their parents die. Those who early learn to rely upon themselves will have little difficulty in earning their own living. Learn, therefore, to help yourselves, always taking care to do so under the advice and with the consent of your good parents and guardians.

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It is quite a mistake that pious children have no pleasures. They are the happiest children in the world, and I will tell you why. It is because they love Jesus Christ and believe that he died for them, and has forgiven all their sins, and will take them after death to be with him, and like him, in glory and happiness. And have not such children reason to be happy?



## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### *The Family Circle.*

**SIMPLICITY AT FUNERALS.**—From an editorial in the Philadelphia Inquirer, we copy the following upon the above-named subject:

The expenses of funerals in a city are growing more burdensome every day. Coffins covered with cloth and decorated with metallic ornaments are costly, and the sum required for carriages where preparations are made for a large attendance, is frequently very embarrassing when payment is necessary.

There are many families who imagine that they are not doing their duty to the deceased if they omit any of the pomp which is the luxury of woe. They weakly suppose that ungenerous criticisms will be made upon their parsimony, and that it may be said that they had no affection for the departed. Such observations may be safely disregarded, because they are impertinent. Where the head of a family is suddenly called away, in many instances he leaves those whom he loved but poorly provided for. They may have lived in luxury, but their comforts were attained by the personal services of one who can never labor for them again. With his death this income ceases. They have not only lost a dear friend and protector, but they have lost capital.

Very few families reflect that the earnings of a husband and father, while they can be given them, are equal to the income of a fortune. Many persons would think themselves rich if they were possessed of twenty thousand dollars, yet that amount prudently invested would produce them but twelve hundred dollars a year. If they are so fortunate as to rely upon the income of one whose yearly gains are no more, the loss of his life is to them the same as if twenty thousand dollars of their means had been suddenly taken from them. If they had lost money instead of the life which brought them such gains, they would be overwhelmed with fear for the future, and retrenchment would be an immediate subject of study. Why should it not be so when death steps in with a deprivation more serious than the loss of money?

In this point of view it will readily be seen that any inordinate expenditure upon a funeral is not a testimonial of gratitude to the deceased, but a thoughtless wastefulness which sullies his memory. A death in a family usually leaves, besides funeral expenses, debts due by the deceased in small or great amounts. Where the person who dies is actively engaged in business, a settlement of his affairs frequently leads to the unwholesome discovery that instead of being in prosperous circumstances, he was actually going behindhand. The payment of his debts may leave but little for his heirs. How weak and sinful, then, will the folly of

the members of a family who have sanctioned a costly funeral appear to themselves! How unavailing will be their regrets when want stares them in the face, and the future seems shrouded in gloom!

Fashion is to blame for the extravagance frequently shown in this matter, for there is a fashion even in sorrow, which robs it of its sincerity and compels it to submit to hollow artifice. The practice of wearing mourning is one of the costly subserviencies to fashion which adds very greatly to funeral expenses, and which yields nothing to the testimonials which are due to the departed, and in too many cases they are considered by the world as an affectation of grief. We are glad to perceive that this custom is gradually going into disuse, and it will be a happy day for those who are hereafter to be bereaved when it shall entirely cease.

**LESSONS OF WISDOM.**—Frederica Bremer, the charming moralist, speaks tenderly and truthfully to those occupying the several family relations:

"Many a marriage has commenced like the morning, red, and perished like a mushroom. Wherefore? Because the married pair neglected to be as agreeable to each other after their union as they were before it. Seek always to please each other, my children, but in doing so keep heaven in mind. Lavish not your love to-day, remembering that marriage has a morrow and again a morrow. Bethink ye, my daughters, what a word housewife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic trust. On her he ought to be able to place his reliance in house and family; to her he should confide the key of his heart and the lock of his store-room. His honor and his home are under her protection—his welfare in her hand. Ponder this! And you, my sons, be true men of honor, and good fathers of your families. Act in such wise that your wives respect and love you. And what more shall I say to you, my children? Peruse diligently the Word of God; that will guide you out of storm and dead calm, and bring you safe into port. And as for the rest—do your best!"

**AN EDUCATED HOUSEKEEPER'S VIEWS.**—"What are you studying?" asked a young man of a friend who was taking her last year's schooling at an academy. "The common branches, physiology, chemistry, rhetoric, and natural philosophy," was the reply. "What on earth will you do with such learning in farmer G.'s kitchen?" exclaimed he, naming a worthy man to whom she was betrothed. "I am afraid you will find yourself so well fitted for some other sphere that your education will be a discomfort rather than a source of happiness." The answer given to this proved that the

young lady possessed an educated mind as well as book learning. She said, "How little you know about housekeeping! You talk as though it were like turning a grindstone, or walking on a tread-mill, needing only plenty of music; and the less brains to make one uneasy the better. Why! my mistaken young friend, there's more room for science, and thought, and skill in managing a household properly, than you'll ever find in your dry-goods stores, with a bank and a grist-mill thrown in. It requires philosophy properly to make a fire, wash clothes, sweep a room, ventilate an apartment, regulate a clock, and a hundred other matters you never dreamed of. Cooking is an every-day application of chemistry. A woman can mix and heat up provisions without knowing any thing about it, but the art; but she can make better bread, butter, roast, broil, or boil more nicely, put this and that together in her puddings, pies, and cakes with greater success, if she knows the *why* as well as the *how*. Then, what is a poor, broken-down wife good for? Physiology teaches how to keep health in the family; and then when we have all finished the day's work, having applied science all the way through, we shall want to look over the papers and books which tell what the rest of the world is thinking about; and then do n't you see how nicely some little knowledge of *belles-lettres* and the laws of mind will come in? A *higher sphere*, indeed! If those who are so anxious to fill a large place, would only take pains to make the place they are now in what it might be, depend upon it there would be more comfort and less complaints, both from themselves and those depending on them. I intend to try to elevate my work to my own level." "Upon my word," said the young man, "you make out a pretty strong case. I never saw the matter in just that light before, and I doubt whether many women view it thus."

**RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.**—The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your children's early infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them any thing unless you are sure that you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do any thing, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for *willfully* disobeying you, but never punish when you are angry.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command.
7. Never smile at any of their actions of which you do not approve, even though they are somewhat amusing.
8. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
9. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
10. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

11. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

12. To teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

13. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.

14. Never allow of talebearing.

15. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

16. Above all things instruct them from the Word of God, taking Jesus for their example in patience, meekness, and love; teaching them to pray morning and evening, and during the day once or oftener, as they grow up, as the only preservative against error, weakness, and sin.

**SMALL MYSTERIES.**—In the home circle nothing is more productive of mischief than small mysteries, the concealment of little things, and the furtive accomplishment of what might better be done openly. Dr. Johnson, in his forcible language, once said, "Nothing ends more fatally than mysteriousness in trifles; indeed, it commonly ends in guilt, for those who begin by concealment of innocent things, will soon have something to hide which they dare not bring to light."

The faculty for concealment—or as the phrenologists term it, "secretiveness"—is a dangerous gift. Openness and candor are delightful in a household, giving all the members a pleasant participation in each other's happiness. When we discover that a friend has deceived or only half trusted us, we regard him ever after with suspicion, and it requires a very long time for him to recover the ground he has lost in our confidence and esteem. Especially is this true in the family; for when we perceive that those abroad know more of the motives of a member of the same house than we do, it seems as if wrong were done which can not be forgotten.

Husbands and wives insure domestic discomfort by having outdoor confidants. Coolness and even separations have had their rise in some trifling matters of this sort, when the parties might, by a wiser course, have remained affectionate and inseparable. Children who prefer other friends over their parents are almost sure to be led into error and unhappiness. While under the home roof, the heart should be kept there; the preliminaries to a future home causing the only exception. And even in such a case, he or she is usually best married whose parents were earliest apprised of the engagement.

**THE GOOD WIFE.**—The good wife must resemble three things, which three things she should not be like; and first, she should resemble a snail—always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry every thing she has upon her back; and second, she should resemble an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word; and, third, she should resemble a town-clock, always keep good time and regularity; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

## WITTY AND WISE.

**TOUCHES OF THE HIGHFALUTIN.**—Some years ago a physician, while in his patient's room, thus addressed a surgeon:

"You must not fail to phlebotomize the old gentleman to-morrow."

"I will never suffer it," cried the sick man in a fright.

"Sir, do n't be alarmed," replied the surgeon, "the doctor only orders you to be bled."

"O, as for the bleeding," replied the venerable patient, "it matters little; but as for the other, I would sooner die than endure it." Who would dare blame our aged friend for such a determination? What sane man would submit to the barbarous and excruciating operation of being phlebotomized?

The late Judge Pease, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and having thrown himself on the wings of imagination into the cloud-land, was preparing for a still higher ascent, when the Judge struck his ruler on the desk and exclaimed to the astonished orator,

"Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Do n't go any higher; you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!"

Parsons sometimes soar quite as far above the region of the pews as our newly-fledged limb of the law escaped from the jurisdiction of the court. We have sometimes tried to gaze upon a member of the sable "cloth" who had enveloped himself with rainbows, and metaphors, and earthquakes, and cataracts, and hurricanes, and water-spouts, and showers of gems, and torrents of fire, and boundless conflagrations, and marshaled philosophers, and trooping seraphim, and the stupendous wheels of Providence, and the silver chiming of the spheres, and the weltering chaos of demolished worlds, etc.

**WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.**—A sweet little incident is related by a lady writer. She says: "I asked a little boy last evening,

"Have you called your grandma to tea?"

"Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I did n't know how to waken her. I did n't wish to *holler* at grandma, or to *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek, and *that* woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said, pretty loudly, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

Do we find any thing more sweet, delicate, and lovely than this in the annals of poetry? Can conventionality improve upon such politeness, spontaneous in the heart of a six years' boy?

**BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.**—A deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree with fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the mechanist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons, because he doubts; he deliberates and doubts. God is omniscient. He never doubts. He, therefore, never reasons."

**PLAIN SAXON FOR THE PULPIT.**—As the Rev. Samuel Kilpin was preaching on one occasion, he spoke of the "Deity." A sailor who was listening immediately started from his seat, his elbows fully spread, and exclaimed aloud, "Deity! well, who is he? Is he our God Almighty?" The attendants were about to turn him out; but the minister stood reproved, and requested him to resume his seat. "Yes, my friend, I did mean the Almighty God." The sailor rejoined, "I thought so, but was not sure; I never heard that name before." The humbled minister replied, "You had a right to inquire; I was to blame; while delivering God's message of mercy and justice to immortal souls, I ought not to have given my Divine Master a name which prevented the message from being understood."

**JUSTICE FIFTY YEARS AGO.**—Charles Knight, in his Autobiography, relates the following as an example of how justice was dispensed in England fifty years ago:

Under the guidance of the town clerk, corporate magistrates generally got through their business decently; but sometimes they made little slips. Late in the evening an offender was brought before one of our mayors, having been detected in stealing a smock frock from a pawnbroker's door.

"Look in 'Burns's Justice,'" said the mayor to his son. "Look in the index for 'smock frocks.'"

"Can't find it, father; not there."

"What! no law against stealing smock frocks? Young fellow, you have had a lucky escape!"

The constable demurred at the discharge of the prisoner.

"Well, well, lock him up, and we'll see the town clerk in the morning."

**SHARP RETORT.**—Some wretch of a joker perpetrated this outrage:

"If a woman were to change her sex, what religion would she be? A he-then."

To which a lady, with more wit and point, replies:

"And to convert an artless woman into a heartless one, there only wants a 'he.'"

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—A few days ago an Englishman came into a grocery to make a few purchases, but was not suited with prices, so he broke out with, "What a bloody country! I could get more for two pence none, than I can 'ere for 'alf a crown." "Why the deuce did n't you stay at home?" said the angry groceryman. "I'll tell you," replied John Bull, "I could n't get the two pence."

## Scripture Cabinet.

**THE OFFICE OF TEMPTATION.**—"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord has promised to them that love him." James i, 12.

To every sane man in all climes and ages the great Creator has given a moral compass to enable him to avoid the wrong and follow the right. This moral compass we call conscience. The Decalogue was clearly declared to man in the full recognition of his possessing this inward monitor. It is the office of conscience to guide and to govern the volition and actions of man. It was upon the authority of the law of natural conscience that Paul appealed to the Romans. The whole Bible, in fact, is one grand, continuous argument in favor of the moral freedom and independence of man.

It is trite to call this world a probationary state, but it is one in the fullest sense of the words. As the material world is beautifully and wonderfully adapted to develop and meet the requirements of man's physical nature, so is the moral system devised by the Almighty marvelously fitted to meet all the wants of, and to test and to strengthen, man's spiritual nature. Between the cradle and the grave we are daily, on this revolving planet, undergoing a great training process. Our highest faculties and deepest feelings are continually being appealed to. It is ever onward and upward, or onward and downward. We have no stand-point in time. For every thought, word, and deed we are held accountable. Pope, in the lines,

"Binding nature fast in fate  
Left free the human will,"

forcibly expresses the responsibility of man. With all our freedom and accountability we are, nevertheless, by no means in a state of isolation. The thought of the resources which are within the reach of every one of us is almost overwhelming. There is the great Father, the loving Redeemer, the great guiding Spirit, around us and above us. Man has only to give an upward, earnest, appealing glance for aid and he secures it.

Almighty love and wisdom called us into being, and God's ways are and ever have been just to man. Our moral dignity is in our own hands, and under a merciful discipline we must work out our own salvation by availing ourselves of the ordained means and keeping the Divine law. Without diverging into the question of the origin of evil, I would ask whether its existence is not absolutely necessary to the development and growth of virtue and holiness in man? I am living under a moral government in which I find temptation is essential to my spiritual wellbeing. Unless temptation assails me in an alluring and powerful form it does not probe and try my moral nature, and therefore can prove of no earthly or heavenly virtue to me. How true is the remark that has been made by one of our living preachers that "the virtue

of many men is but vice sleeping!" Temptation is the only effectual instrumentality for qualifying man for a higher state of existence. It brings out his character, and by it alone is a man found to be just or unjust, pure or unclean, true or false. Job's history strikingly illustrates the truth of this view. Temptation brought out the triumphant godliness of the man. Sin is temptation yielded to. How incumbent upon us it is to be ever vigilant, for while we have here no abiding city, an active, deadly influence, that never slumbers or rests, is unceasingly trying and proving us. In ethics as in physics the Father of all maintains a due relation between cause and effect. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will assuredly never allow a man to be tempted in any way beyond his power—that is, beyond his ability or strength to resist. To speak of irresistible temptation is to utter a spolecism, and to involve the speaker in inextricable difficulties. If a temptation be possibly irresistible, man's responsibility terminates, and the government of God would not harmonize with the principles of eternal justice.

Poor man! if he can not but yield, verily God's law is too hard for him. Temptations beset him to which he must succumb. Man is tempted beyond his strength to withstand, and to be overcome by temptation becomes literally a legitimate mode of expression. In such a case man is clearly reduced to the creature of circumstances. His will is governed by his motives, and his motives have their origin in the influences and events of the hour.

Now the experience of all men will oppose this and declare it counterfeit. God is always good, and, although every one of us has had to do battle with dark thoughts, and knows the potent influence of temptation, we must all confess that no sin has been committed by us that we were compelled to commit. Sin is the transgression of law, and whenever we have been tempted to do the wrong we have always had the power, the strength, the ability to say no. When we have yielded and sinned, in the sad hour of sin we were exercising the fearful prerogative of our nature, and there was the right path before us. Conscience, moreover, tells us that inasmuch as the deed was wrong, not a compulsory one, it was indeed our own act and avoidable.

The doctrine specially manifests the necessity for cultivating good principles and a prayerful and watchful spirit. Life is short and uncertain, and our warfare a spiritual one. "Resist the devil and he will flee." Let us glory in our freedom, and while realizing the momentous responsibilities which weigh upon us, let us not rely upon our own arm of flesh, but upon Him who is king over all now and forever.

**IS IT POSSIBLE FOR SAINTS IN HEAVEN TO FALL?**—"And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face,



and his name shall be in their foreheads, and they shall reign forever and ever." *Rev. xxii, 3-5.*

To suppose that after the redeemed are brought home they may again wander, that after all the sufferings of Christ, and work of the Spirit, and final resurrection, beatitude will leave the saints in no safer a position than that of Adam in Paradise, that after the accomplishment of our Lord's mission, which was emphatically "to destroy the works of the devil," those works of darkness should again break out close to the throne of God, that the "Lamb's Wife" should prove unfaithful, is something so incongruous in itself, and so opposed to the whole tenor of Scripture and theory of the Gospel covenant, that it can not be taken as a possible alternative, but must be propounded for the mere sake of eliciting more direct proofs to the contrary than are usually thought necessary to be adduced.

The text which we have quoted above, and the whole context in which it is found, is abundantly satisfactory to our own mind. To it we may add *Rev. iii, 12*: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God," etc. When we consider all that is comprehended in these promises, and who it is who promises it—in perpetuity—we confess that our faith asks for no higher assurance on the subject.

There are, however, two misconceptions involved in the mode of putting this question which require a word or two. 1. The redeemed are sometimes identified in our thoughts with angels. This is a great mistake. The "children of the resurrection" do indeed resemble angels in one negative feature of their physical constitution—*Matt. xxii, 30*—but in moral position they differ totally. The holy angels are not sinners saved by grace; they have been preserved, not redeemed; they are unfallen and innocent, not pardoned and regenerate. But supposing that the saints in glory are on an exact equality with angels, there is no evidence that all the angels now in heaven are peccable. We have every reason to believe that angels generally have passed through a state of probation, and that their present condition is fixed. 2 *Peter ii, 4*. But unless the contrary could be proved, which is impossible, no argument can be drawn from them as to the saint's liability to sin.

2. There seems an assumption, also, on the part of some that absolute free agency includes a power to sin. Perhaps in one sense it may; but we must recollect that sin is a question of *will* rather than of *ability*. If a saint in heaven never wills to sin, to abstain from sinning is at once his highest felicity and truest liberty; at the same time we have the highest authority for applying to such a being a phrase expressive of *inability*, and for saying that "he *can not* sin." 1 *John iii, 9*. But then this inability lies *not in a limitation of action but in a rectitude of choice*. The free agency which the Gospel promises is not an oscillation between good and evil, but an identification with good. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." *John viii, 36*. This idea is also suggested by *Romans vi, 18*. Can the Holy One of Israel sin? Yet is he not infinitely free?

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" *Matt. xxvii, 46.*

Some persons while looking at the crucifixion of Jesus see no further than the physical sufferings produced by transfixion to the cross. They think of the bodily pain he endured and of nothing else. This is a very inadequate view of the dying agonies of Emanuel. If pain in the flesh was all he felt, many a servant surpasses his master, many a disciple is above his Lord. In the records of martyrology we read of martyrs who suffered pain more acute and more protracted than the torture that thrilled the body of the Son of God. Yet we know that there is no sorrow like the sorrow of Jesus Christ, and that on the cross, as elsewhere, he was preëminently the "man of sorrows." Among other things a circumstance at the crucifixion itself shows that he was the subject of something more grievous to be borne than physical pain. He was comparatively young; he was healthful and without sin; consequently there must have been extraordinary tenacity of life in his constitution. Yet he died beneath his sufferings sooner than the crucified malefactors, for when the soldiers came to hasten the death of all by breaking their bones, they broke the bones of the thieves, but they broke not the bones of Jesus Christ, seeing that he was already dead. The principal sufferings of Jesus Christ were mental sufferings—agonies that pierced his righteous soul. "It pleased the Father to bruise him and put him to grief." Hence the awful words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The anguish and horror that overwhelmed our Savior when he felt conscious that the Father had forsaken him we can not fully comprehend; but by looking beyond the corporeal pain to the mental agony he endured we see sufficient to impress us with the infinite love of God in sparing not his own Son, but delivering him up for us all. No marvel that the life which would have long resisted bodily sufferings quickly sank under the pressure of spiritual anguish; that the heart which quailed not before the wrath of man was broken by the bereavement Jesus suffered when forsaken by the Father, causing him to utter the mortal cry, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. Let us, then, meditate less on the external and more on the internal agony of the Son of God; so shall we see more clearly the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and know more deeply the greatness of the love of Christ, till we see him, not as the man of sorrows, but as the king in his beauty on his glorious high throne.

JOY IN CHRIST.—"Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." 1 *Peter iv, 13.*

This joy is better felt than told. Peter calls it "joy unspeakable." Often there is grief in the human heart that lies too deep for words; but here is joy that can not be expressed. To explain what is unspeakable is impossible. Like water filling the depth of its rocky bed, or the capacious arch of its ice-cavern, and gushing forth with fullness, freshness, and brilliance that defy description, joy in Jesus Christ abounds within us, and reveals itself in cheerful looks and happy excitement, with sweetness, plenitude, and glory which language can not describe.

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**DEATH OF ENGLISH MONARCHS.**—Judging from the following list the end of kings and queens is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. This, too, in Protestant England! We have seen lists of other countries showing the fearful record that for a long line of succession their rulers have died of violence:

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags that he hunted.

Henry I died of gluttony.

Henry II died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cour de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of bellebore.

Henry III is said to have died a natural death.

Edward I is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness"—a sickness which it would puzzle all the college of physicians to denominate.

Edward II was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.

Edward III died of dotage, and Richard II of starvation, the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV is said to have died "of fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V is said to have died "of a painful affliction prematurely!" This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI died in prison by means known then only to his jailer, and known now only to Heaven.

Edward V was strangled in the Tower by his uncle, Richard III.

Richard III was killed in battle.

Henry VII wasted away as a miser ought to do, and Henry VIII died of carbuncles, fat, and fury, while Edward VI died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit, from eating too much of black puddings.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies—her private character not being above suspicion.

James I died of drinking, and of the effects of a nameless vice.

Charles I died a righteous death on the scaffold, and Charles II died suddenly, it is said of apoplexy.

William III died from consumptive habits of the body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong water," or in other words from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called dropsy.

George I died of drunkenness, which his physicians as politely called an apoplectic fit.

George II died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart.

George III died as he had lived—a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George IV died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William IV died amid the sympathies of his subjects.

**DEATH OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.**—Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the poetess of half a century, died at her residence in Hartford, Connecticut, on Saturday, June 10th, at the advanced age of seventy-four. We select the following sketch of her life and character from the Hartford Courant:

Miss Lydia Huntley was born at Norwich on the 1st of September, 1791, and was consequently in her seventy-fourth year. During the quarter of a century ending, perhaps, somewhere about 1850, her name was more widely known, in either hemisphere, than that of any other American authoress. Latterly her poetry has given place, in most libraries, to that of a more modern and varied school, though it will never be wholly superseded. She was early addicted to verse-making, possessed a temperament which, while it never marred her sound and solid health, was nevertheless keenly susceptible to the varied beauties and subtle influence of nature. She removed to this city in 1814, where she opened a select school for young ladies, and where her poetical talent and many lady-like and Christian graces soon attracted the notice and engaged the personal interest of the late Daniel Wadsworth, a gentleman whose artistic and literary taste was fortunately equaled by his pecuniary means; and he was the means of introducing her to the public in a volume of "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." In 1819 Miss Huntley became the second wife of Charles Sigourney, a well-known merchant of this city; and since that time she, while engaged in the domestic affairs of rearing a family of children, has found time to contribute largely to the serial literature of the country, both in prose and verse. Her published works, in all, number nearly fifty volumes. Her prose is marked by vigor, beauty, and good sense, and, like her poetry, is full of good moral precepts.

At home she was best known and loved for her domestic virtues and her rare neighborly spirit of friendly kindness. Her heart and purse were ever open to all good works of philanthropy and charity, and she had a host of friends and never an enemy. Many will miss her kindly, genial presence, her active sympathy, and her large-handed charities.

**WHAT SOME PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED.**—The ancient Persians believed in three gods, the greatest of which was Ormuzd, who made a perfect man with a giant head. An infinite distress caused his monstrous head to burst with terrible anguish, when out stepped a beautiful woman. The head shrank to a natural

size, and they became the first man and wife. The Greeks also believed the beautiful Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter.

The ancient Hindoos believed a monstrous serpent coiled upon the ocean. Upon him Vishu slept for long ages in inactivity, and died. Out of his departing spirit Bramah arose, who created man by the simple act of wishing.

The ancient Assyrians believed somewhere in their country was a beautiful garden, into which God came one night and gathered particles of all kinds of dust, of which to make man. He fashioned him after his own image. When sufficiently dry to be handled without defacing, he placed himself mouth to mouth, hands to hands, and feet to feet, and imparted life to the image. Sleep had possession of the man. The god drew a glittering blade from his girdle, and, with infinite quickness, took a bone—of the two hundred and forty-eight bones—from near the heart, and placing the requisite female dependencies around it, gave it to the man to become his wife.

The Aztecs believed that a princess, being offended at her husband, obtained leave of Deity to depart from paradise on condition that she would go to earth and populate it. She started on her long and perilous journey. When once in sight of earth, she drew from her girdle a knife glittering with diamonds and hurled it against the planets, breaking it into twelve pieces, which immediately resolved themselves into six knights and six princesses, from which sprang six races of men.

The ancient Egyptians believed two gods descended from the sun and alighted on the flowery banks of a beautiful lake on a morning, and planted the germ of a lotos plant, each kissing it on opposite sides. The plant grew and ripened its fruits. The legumes burst, and a beautiful man and woman, like the ripe corn from the husks, stepped forth in spontaneous marriage.

The Asiatics of Egyptian descent, believed in the center of a watery universe existed the Divine Power, which slowly and silently, for ages, collected a transparent shell about him in which he slept. On awakening, by his own energies, he burst the shell and arose to the surface, an immense turtle, covering millions of acres. He again burst his shell, the fragments of which became earth, mountains, and rocks. The giant came from the mountains and slept beside a placid lake. From his head sprang a noble race of thinkers; from his long arms, stretched by his side, a race of workers; from his legs, a race of travelers, and from his fingers and toes, the lowest race of all.

**THE BEGINNING OF THE HUMAN RACE.**—According to the calculations of Professor Casalis de Fondonce, the present population of the world is 1,300,000,000. Allowing for increase in population at an annual rate of 1-292, it is shown that the present population would be reached in 5,863 years. This is putting the increase at a low rate. In France it is 1-227 annually. Calculated on the latter basis, the present numbers would be reached in 4,207 years from Noah, allowing that he left the ark with three sons and three daughters. Thus another proof is added to the chronological accuracy of the Scriptural record, and the foundation laid for a successful argument against one of the many infidel theories respecting the antiquity of the human race.

**CURIOUS CALCULATION.**—Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occupied by the whole population now living on this globe if congregated together; and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have even doubted whether such a number of human beings could find standing-room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the earth to number one thousand millions, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclusion—that the smallest county of England would afford sitting-room for all the men, women, and children now alive on the earth, and that a number of human beings, equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of the largest county in England.

**AMERICAN LITERARY LABOR FOR FOREIGN LANDS.**—Our countryman, Dr. Miron Winslow, lately deceased, spent the most of twenty years upon a dictionary of the Tamil language, spoken by millions of Southern India and Ceylon. That work is a noble monument of industry and talent, and is of unspeakable value to the missionaries of the East and to all scholars who would acquaint themselves with that highly-cultivated language.

In an opposite quarter of the world has American Christian enterprise been developing in a similar manner. At the Sandwich Islands Rev. Lorin Andrews has just completed a dictionary of the Hawaiian language. He has been a missionary preacher and instructor at the Islands for many years, and has made this work a leading object of his life. It is a portly volume of near six hundred pages, and can not but prove of vast value to the dwellers of the island, both natives and foreigners. The American missionaries were the first to encounter the immense labor of reducing the barbarous heathen tongue to a written language.

Thus does Christian missionary enterprise advance the cause of literature in heathen lands—in many cases providing all the instrumentalities of intellectual elevation.—*Boston Traveler.*

**MORE AFRICAN RESEARCHES.**—Harper & Brothers have issued, from advanced sheets, Dr. Livingstone's new record of African exploration. It appears under the title "Zambesi and its Tributaries, and the Discovery of Lakes Shirra and Nyassa, 1858-1864. By David Livingstone, M. D., and Charles Livingstone. With maps and illustrations from sketches and photographs."

**LITERATURE OF THE CATACOMBS.**—The Pope has ordered the publication of a learned work called *La Roma Sotterranea Christiana*—Christian Subterranean Rome—by Signor G. B. de Rossi. The preface gives a complete account of all the works published on the subject since the fourteenth century, and the first volume contains a full description of all the catacombs, paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions to be found at Rome. The work will be of great interest to the archaeologist.

## Library Notices.

**DOMESTIC LIFE IN PALESTINE.** By Mary Eliza Rogers. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. Pp. 436.—We do not grow weary of reading of the Holy Land. We have always had an intense desire to visit it; this being impossible, we find the next best thing is to study it in books. With no book that we have read on Palestine have we been more delighted than with this one. It has introduced us to "domestic life in Palestine" more intimately than any other work. It is not a learned geography or topography, but the sprightly observations of an intelligent lady, whose sex and her position as sister of the British Consul at Damascus gave her the *entré* of the homes and harems of the people, and thus secured for her unusual facilities for observing the inner phases of Oriental domestic life. Her book is an admirable picture of the life and customs of the Jew, the Arab, and various other peoples now occupying this sacred territory. She is an excellent writer; we were often reminded while reading her chaste and sprightly pages of the admirable Eothen. The publishers may be well satisfied if this work shall be as heartily received in this country as it has been in England.

**VICTORIA: WITH OTHER POEMS.** By Sarepta Irish Henry. 16mo. Pp. 186. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This, we believe, is the first attempt of the publishers to issue a book of poems. We hope it will be a success, not only for the sake of the author and the publishers, but as an attempt to give to the public a poem more fully recognizing Christian truth and more freely breathing the Christian spirit than is the fashion in most of the poems issued in our day. "Victoria, or the Triumph of Virtue," is a Christian story thrown into very smooth poetry; chaste, interesting, and instructive, and clearly exhibiting many truthful traits in several beautiful Christian lives, and the severe discipline, and repentance, and regeneration of an erring man. The book contains eleven other shorter poems, some of them very beautiful, and all worthy of the place they occupy. Mrs. Henry has long been an esteemed contributor to the Repository, and we commend this, her first book of poems, to our readers. The publishers have issued the book in a very neat form.

**HOURS AMONG THE GOSPELS; or, Wayside Truths from the Life of Our Lord.** By N. C. Burt, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 215. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: J. D. Thorpe.—This is an excellent work, and introduces the reader into a more minute study of many of the most important incidents of the life of Christ in a very interesting manner. The author's method is that of illustration, sometimes drawn from unexpected sources, sometimes from outside the Gospel history, but more frequently from the Gospels themselves, finding in one Gospel the complement of the parallel narrative in another. The illustrations are often striking, and occasionally the thoughts are original and very suggestive. The passages illustrated

being of considerable number, and coming from every part of the Evangelic narratives, and being arranged in the order of historical occurrences, the book presents a tolerably complete outline of the life and ministry of our Lord.

**A SMALLER HISTORY OF ROME, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire.** By William Smith, LL. D. With a continuation to A. D. 476. By Eugene Lawrence, A. M. 16mo. Pp. 355. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—A work designed for the lower classes in schools, intended to range with the author's smaller History of Greece. It is largely drawn from the articles upon Roman history in the author's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, which is evidence of the accuracy and value of this little work. It is a great day when the best scholars of the age furnish school-books to even our smaller children. The "Table of Contents" is very full, and has been so arranged that the teacher can frame from it questions for the examination of his class. It is well illustrated with maps and plates, and contains an unusually full index for so small a book.

**HOUSEHOLD POEMS.** By Henry W. Longfellow. With Illustrations by Gilbert, Foster, and Absolon. Square 18mo. Pp. 96. Paper. 50 cts. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The series of Companion Poets for the People, of which the present is the initial volume, has been begun by Ticknor & Fields, to answer an almost universal demand for cheap literature of a high class. The plan of the series is to present the choicest and most deservedly-popular poems of the best poets in a tasteful and elegant style, and at the same time at a price so low as to bring the series within the reach of every household. The present volume contains all Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems of a domestic nature, with illustrations by leading English artists. Other volumes will follow in the same style and of equal merit. The enterprise is a noble one, and we hope will meet the success it so well deserves.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELBERT OSBORN, an Itinerant Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Sixth Edition.** To which is added a Brief Memoir of Rev. Heseiah Calvin Wooster. 16mo. Pp. 240. New York: Carlton & Porter. For the Author.—Brother Osborn is one of our personal friends, and the record of his life is well worth reading by both friends and strangers. But few men have struggled with greater difficulties in prosecuting the work of the ministry, and but few have been more earnest, devoted, or more successful than he. He has long been to us a remarkable illustration of St. Paul's doctrine, that the power of the Gospel does not lie in excellency of speech, but in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost.

**HOW TO BE SAVED; or, The Sinner Directed to the Savior.** By J. H. B. Fortieth thousand. 16mo. Pp.



126. *Paper*, 25 cts. *Cloth*, 50 cts. *St. Louis*: J. W. M'Intyre.—A book that has reached its fortieth thousand must be a book of very considerable merit of some kind. The merit of this little book is its utility. It is one of those plain, practical, pointed little books, treating on the great subject of personal salvation, and well adapted for distribution by pastors, Sunday school teachers, and Christians among those whom they desire to lead to Christ, and valuable to those who profess to be Christians and who desire a clear and concise view of the plan of salvation.

**BEATRICE.** By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," etc. Three volumes in one. 12mo. Pp. 520. *Cloth*. \$2. *New York*: D. Appleton & Co. *Cincinnati*: R. W. Carroll & Co.—The authoress of "Women of Christianity," "Madeline," and "Adele" has written better books than this one. The story contains the same quiet power that characterizes her other works, but touches on the sensational school more than her other books.

**A SON OF THE SOIL.** 8vo. *Cloth*. Pp. 241. *New York*: Harper & Bros. *Cincinnati*: Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.50.—Although the title-page bears no author's name, it is the work of Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," etc. When very weary of heavier work we occasionally glance over a work of fiction, and in doing so always feel safe in taking up a book from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant.

**MISS MACKENZIE.** By Anthony Trollope.

**ON GUARD.** By Annie Thomas. Nos. 253 and 254 of Harper's "Library of Select Novels." *Paper*. 50 cts. *Cincinnati*: Robert Clarke & Co.

**PAMPHLETS, ETC.**—Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, for May, 1865. *The North British Review*, April, 1865. *The London Quarterly Review*, April, 1865. American editions. *New York*: Leonard Scott & Co.

**A Memorial Discourse on the Character and Career of Abraham Lincoln.** By Rev. Gilbert Haven. *Boston*. *Cincinnati*. **A Memorial Sermon.** By Rev. Alexander Clark.

**Character and Services of Abraham Lincoln.** By Rev. James A. McCauley. *Baltimore*.

**A Sermon on the Death of Abraham Lincoln.** By Rev. N. L. Brakeman, Post Chaplain, *Baton Rouge, Louisiana*.

**Second Annual Report of the Hamilton County Sabbath School Association.**

**Minutes of the Ohio State Sunday School Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church.**

**Thirtieth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati.**

**National Reconstruction: A Discourse.** By Rev. B. H. Nadal, D. D. *Washington, D. C.*

**Addresses on the Death of Hon. T. H. Hicks,** delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives, February 15, 1865.

**Chambers's Encyclopedia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People.** Nos. 91, 92, 93. 25 cts. each. *Philadelphia*: J. B. Lippincott & Co. *Cincinnati*: Robert Clarke & Co.

**MUSIC.**—*In the South the Clouds are Breaking.* Composed by J. William Suffern. *The Frolic of the Frogs: A Waltz.* By J. J. Watson. *Happy Dream of Childhood's Home.* By J. William Suffern. The beautiful compositions published by W. W. Whitney, *Toledo, Ohio*.

**CATALOGUES.**—1. *Dickinson College*, Carlisle, Penn. President, Rev. H. M. Johnson, D. D. Students, 138. Fall session, Sept. 1st.

2. *Baldwin University*, Berea, Ohio. President, Rev. John Wheeler, D. D. Students, 291. Fall term, Aug. 22d.

3. *German Wallace College*, Berea, Ohio. President, Rev. W. Nast, D. D.; Vice-President, Rev. Jacob Rothweiler. Students, 40. Fall term, Aug. 29th.

4. *Farmer's College*, College Hill, near Cincinnati, Ohio. President, J. Tuckerman, A. M. Students, 114. Fall term, Sept. 6th.

5. *Brookville College*, Brookville, Ind. President, Rev. W. R. Goodwin, A. M. Fall term, Sept. 4th.

6. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College*, Delaware, Ohio. President, Rev. Park S. Donelson, D. D. Students, 306. Fall term, Sept. 21st.

7. *Oakland Female Seminary*, Hillsboro, Ohio. Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, D. D., Principal. Students, 39. Fall term, Sept. 5th.

8. *Moore's Hill Male and Female Collegiate Institute*, Moore's Hill, Ind. President, Rev. T. Harrison, A. M. Students, 240. Fall term, Aug. 28th.

9. *Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College*, Cincinnati. President, Rev. Richard S. Rust, D. D. Students, 211. Fall term, Sept. 11th.

10. *Illinois Female College*, Jacksonville, Ill. President, Charles Adams, D. D. Students, 225. Fall term, Aug. 31st.

## Editor's Study.

### PROFIT AND LOSS.

WE have reached the end of our struggle for National existence. The armies of rebellion have been overwhelmed and dispersed; our own have been disbanded, except the few soldiers necessary for procuring and maintaining order in the late disaffected regions. The glory of victory crowns the arms of the

nation; the arms of the rebellion have become the property of the Government. Thank God! we have fought the last battle; our wearied and worn veterans have returned to their homes, wearing the laurels of victors and enjoying the blessings of the country they have again made free and great. Our great National day has been rendered still more glorious by the general acceptance of it, both North and South, as a day

of rejoicing and thanksgiving for returning peace. We can now sit down calmly to estimate the cost and the profit of this fearful struggle. And yet the full measure of either will probably never be known. We can look over the accounts of the Treasury and learn the indebtedness of the nation; we can look over the lists of the War-Office and learn the hundreds of thousands that have been enlisted on the side of freedom; we can sum up the official reports and count the slain and wounded in battle; the records of the hospitals will show us the number who have died, or been dismissed cured, or been sent out maimed for life—and perhaps the archives of the rebel Government which have fallen into our hands would furnish us with the same items with respect to the Southern armies—but all these will not give us the cost of the war. History unfortunately can only give us but a part of the scenes enacted during a time of war. It contemplates moving armies, government enactments, contested battle-fields, principles, aims, and policies of contending parties; but the vast record of domestic sorrows, of homes made desolate, of hearts widowed and orphaned—those chapters of private suffering, devotion, and heroism, which bring the realities of war home to ourselves—it takes no note of. We may learn the cost of our war as it is usually counted in human records; but history as man writes it, and as the recording angel keeps it, are two very different volumes. The latter we may not read in time; but we may rest assured it contains many a record of suffering and wrong, many an item of cost not found in the arithmetic of men.

And whom shall we hold responsible for this expenditure of blood and treasure—these broken hearts, these desolated fields, this incalculable aggregate of suffering? Certainly not the Government. That did but its duty. To have done less would have been faithless to its office, and would have led to still greater evils, the magnitude and end of which we are unable to see. On the heads of ambitious traitors, of the men who conspired against the life of the nation, of the men who originated this causeless rebellion, and maintained it with an obstinacy that bordered on madness, and pursued it with a cruelty and treachery that might put barbarous nations to the blush, must rest the fearful guilt of all this suffering and bloodshed. It matters but little now what human penalties are imposed upon these men; no punishment that we can inflict would atone for the dreadful past; the miserable lives of a handful of traitors would render no compensation for the loss of the thousands they have slain, and the sufferings they have entailed upon the nation. What shall be done with them we leave to the Government. It is not a question of justice; that in this case is impossible to human tribunals. It is a question of expediency—of what is best to be done in its bearing upon the future of the country—and this is a question for the Government itself to settle. There we leave it; not in a spirit of indifference, but with a profound conviction that human retribution can not meet the case. What would be the lives of Davis, Lee, and a score of others weighed in the balance against the thousands of our heroes? If their execution will serve to teach the wickedness of treason and help to shield us from it in the future, execute them, and as many more as is necessary. If sparing their wretched lives

will teach a better lesson of the strength and magnanimity of the Government, let them go; their lives are worth nothing to the country except to make some use of either by taking them or sparing them.

But a more pleasing and profitable question is, what have we gained by the war? And, first, *we have gained the establishment of our nationality.* The terrible arbitrament of war has settled it, we trust forever, that the United States is a nation, one, consolidated, and indivisible; that we do not exist merely under treaties of confederation, or as a mere aggregation of States. It is settled that the Government of the United States is the supreme power, and the Constitution the supreme law of the land. To this central Government we will look hereafter as the true representative of the nation—the power that represents us abroad and the agent of union, peace, and equal rights at home. Its laws enacted for the good of the whole, to defend, to develop, to secure order, equality, and freedom throughout the whole domain, shall be supreme laws in all parts of the nation, not subject to resistance and nullification by States and localities. Hereafter we shall be known as the American people, we shall take our place among the nations as a great and powerful Republic, and our honor shall be not in the fact that we are Virginians or New Englanders, but that we are Americans. The war has proved to the world that though we exist in separate State organizations, there is a great central power that can levy war, can marshal armies, can build navies, can summon all the strength of all the States either to resist aggression from abroad or to quell rebellion at home. Resistance to the General Government is treason, and whether in individuals or in States provokes the strong arm of the nation. These, of course, are not new doctrines born of the war; the war has made nothing new; has granted no new powers—has destroyed no old ones; it has only been the occasion for illustrating and demonstrating doctrines that were incorporated in the Constitution at the beginning.

Closely connected with this result of the great conflict is the settlement of the question of the right of secession. The absence of any such right is the corollary that follows from the demonstration of the National unity. The idea of the right of secession never originated in a study of the Constitution; it is an afterthought; the convention that framed the Constitution aimed only at producing a bond that would more firmly and permanently unite the States; they never thought of making provision for the dismemberment of the Union. This thought arose from imagined local interests or wrongs; or, rather, we honestly believe, from ambitious dreams of Southern minds, that if the slaveholding States could be separated from the free States a powerful empire could be founded on the basis of slavery and a ruling aristocracy. It was not for wrongs suffered that men began to agitate the doctrine of secession, but as the first step necessary in the ambitious project of securing independence to the South. For thirty years they developed the doctrine and disseminated their ideas, till doubtless they themselves, and their followers, and thousands more deluded by their sophistries and led by their party schemes, really believed the doctrine. Let its origin be what it may, it has agitated the nation for years and led directly to

the effort to achieve separation. But the question is now settled. "We submitted it," said General Lee, "to the trial of arms, and the decision has gone against us." The decision will stand unreversed, we trust, forever. It is written in letters of blood that the Constitution means union, not secession. The sword has demonstrated that an attempted disruption of the Union is treason, and will be met by the full strength of the nation. It is written for the instruction of all the future, that the cost of secession is war; that its fruit is tramping armies, desolated fields, carnage, bloodshed, and all the terrible brood of evils that spring from war. A great and unhappy mistake that many have been making is the confounding of the right of secession with the doctrine of State rights. We meet this mistake repeatedly in the public press, and it pervades all the inflammatory speeches that we used to read from Southern agitators; as if the rights of States were denied, or were nothing, if they did not embrace the right of withdrawing from the Federal compact. The strength of our Government lies undoubtedly in the wise and just division of power between the central and the State authorities; and this division is well defined and secured in the Constitution of the General Government, and is recognized in the Constitutions of the States. But this is certainly a very different thing from granting to either of these powers the right to destroy the other. It is this last pretended right, the absurd and suicidal right, of either a State to withdraw its allegiance from the Central Government, or for the Central Government to withdraw its protection and defense from a State, that has been demonstrated false and ruinous. The mutual division of rights—the harmonious balancing of powers between the Central Government and the States—remains exactly as it was before.

*We have given to the world a new demonstration of the power and efficiency of republicanism.* It was not enough that we had won our independence, and had maintained it during three-quarters of a century; it was not enough that we had prospered in every thing pertaining to national strength and greatness; it needed yet the demonstration that the Republic could withstand the terrible shock of internal disaffection and rebellion. As soon as civil war became an actual fact in our country, and the magnitude of the insurrection became known abroad, not only did our enemies prophesy the certain end of the "Great Republic," but our friends, wise and thoughtful statesmen, feared that there would not be found sufficient strength in the Government to meet the emergency. Could we meet the influence of the long-debated right of secession? Could we collect sufficient armies? When the voluntary enlistment of the people ceased, could we enforce a conscription? Would our people bear the burden of taxation? With Europe looking on with jealous eyes, and foreign capitalists and aristocrats refusing our bonds, could we raise the vast amount of money needed for the war? Could we accomplish all these and save the Government under the free use of the press and the free exercise of the ballot? These and many more grave questions suggested themselves even to our friends. They are all affirmatively answered. Our free Government, resting, as it does, on the intelligent and voluntary action of the people, has all need-

ful strength to meet every emergency that even a gigantic civil war can create! The world looks on and learns that the surest and safest foundation on which a government can rest is the intelligence and freedom of the people. We have not only triumphed, but have triumphed through the free and voluntary action of the people, who poured out their treasure like water, and filled their armies like heroes and veterans. In no portion of our history has our Government been more plainly seen to be the government of the people than during the civil war. It was the people's war; they declared it, determined its principles and aims, paid for it, fought it, and triumphed.

*We have settled the great principle of the supremacy of the majority.* Our Government rests on the will of the people. That will is expressed through the ballot-box, and is made the law through the action of chosen representatives. This is fundamental and essential to our existence. There must frequently be respectable minorities, respectable in number and in intelligence, whose wishes are defeated by the majority. Yet the presumption must always be that the majority for the time being is right; at least in a government that aims at "the greatest good for the greatest number," the will of the majority must prevail. It does not follow from this that minorities are powerless and defenseless under our free government. The free press and free speech; the free access to the people for the discussion of all questions of right and policy, are the defenses of the minority. If the minority is right, it has only to convince the people and it becomes the majority; if it is wrong, it should not prevail. We need no better protection for minorities than the intelligence and the honest instincts of a free people. Rebellion under our Constitution is never needed; it is a solecism—and the war has taught us that the madness of appealing from the ballot to the bullet is not to be tolerated under this Government. We have seen what terrible mischiefs this appeal from the will of the people to the strength of arms has wrought in other republics, and we trust one abortive experiment has settled it forever, that under our Government elections are not to be farces merely preluding the tragedy of civil war.

We had intended to glance at the progress made toward a settlement of the great question of human bondage, which has so long agitated the country, and which was one of the chief forces in plunging us into civil war. We have said "progress toward a settlement," for we very much fear the great question of the status of the colored man in this country is yet very far from a satisfactory solution. It is still doubtful if our sad experience has yet taught us the duty which Providence so unequivocally demands at our hands, namely, the recognition of the humanity of the African, and of his political equality. We have made him free, but it remains to be seen if we have not placed him to greater disadvantage in the presence of his former master than he was before his emancipation. Making him free without placing in his hands the rights of freemen, is but leaving him, we fear, defenseless in the presence of his old master; even depriving him of that protection which mere self-interest secured to him in the character of the property of his master. But our space is full and we must leave this subject for the future.

## Editor's Table.

**SOMETHING FOR THE FAMILY.**—From our friend, brother C. R. Wilson, Pittsburg, Carrol county, Ind., we have received three little instruments which we can cordially recommend to all our readers, and which we especially commend to parents as furnishing an opportunity for a small investment for the children, which will abundantly repay the outlay in the amusement, instruction, and intellectual stimulus which they will impart to them. These instruments are,

1. *The Craig Microscope.*—This little instrument, so simple in its construction and so easy of management, is really an optical wonder. It magnifies about one hundred diameters, being about the power most frequently required in making microscopic examinations. While, therefore, so simple that a child can use it, it is invaluable for physicians, scientific men, students, and schools, and indeed for every one who is a lover of the beautiful things of nature. We were really astonished at its magnifying power; the animalculæ of stagnant water, the tubular structure of hair, the circulation of the blood in the web of a frog's foot are rendered distinctly visible. Objects can be used either mounted or unmounted. The inventor has prepared about four dozen beautiful and highly interesting objects, which can be had at the rate of \$1.50 per dozen, to accompany the instrument. The instrument itself may be had mounted in brass for \$2.50, or in hard rubber for \$3. That a microscope of such power and such facility of management could be made for such a price we did not believe possible: but here it is actually realized.

2. *The Novelty Microscope.*—This is another little wonder, a very desirable companion to the Craig Microscope, being adapted for the examination of living insects and solid substances. Living insects are confined within the focus during the examination—feet up or down as you please, and at the same time are left free to move. Its power is very considerable, and it may be used for a greater variety of purposes than any little instrument we know of. It is just the thing, especially for the little ones. A child of three or four years old can use it, and it can not fail of amusing them, while giving an intelligent direction to their young curiosity. Price, \$2.

3. *The Bellevue Stereoscope.*—This instrument embraces features hitherto not attained. In the ordinary form, the picture remains at a fixed distance from the lens, and, therefore, is not suited to the eyes of different individuals—the varying eyesight requiring the picture to be changed in position from one to five inches. In this instrument that trouble is met. By a simple arrangement the picture can be changed to suit the eye of every person, so that the picture is brought to view with a beautiful and life-like distinctness. Many have failed to appreciate the stereoscope for want of this very feature, simply because the focus as fixed was not right for their eyes. But we think no one can fail to admire the Bellevue Stereoscope—pictures viewed in it appear as if living. Another valuable feature is its portability—when folded up it occupies

a space only six inches long by two wide, and one and a quarter inches high, and, therefore, can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience. The beauty with which it is gotten up and the low price at which it is sold—only \$3—combined with its other excellent qualities, make the Bellevue Stereoscope an article which can not fail to be popular. In many respects we like this simple, neat, and convenient little stereoscope better than any we have seen, and the inventor has done a good work in bringing so valuable and beautiful an instrument within the means of nearly every body. We know of no better articles that could be brought into a family to amuse and instruct, and to help make home that cheerful and entertaining place that it ought to be, than these three instruments. They can be had by mail on receipt of price, with objects, stereoscopic views, etc., from C. R. Wilson, General Agent, Pittsburg, Indiana.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—To our readers we present again two beautiful pictures. The first is the *Natural Bridge*, from a very fine painting which we found in the possession of our valuable friend, S. P. Avery, Esq., of New York, painted by one of our best American artists, David Johnson, Esq. Mr. S. V. Hunt, whose work, but not his name, has appeared in some of the best engravings of the Repository, has placed it on steel for us. We are glad to introduce Mr. Hunt to our readers through so fine a picture, and we are very sure that the judges of excellent engraving will hope for more from the same hand.

The beautiful portrait of Alice B. Haven, from the graver of Mr. Wellstood, we did not intend to present to our readers the present month; but when it became necessary to close up the number and put the plate to press, the one we had intended to use was not forthcoming, and to our regret we had to substitute this one. Therefore we are found without a sketch to accompany this pleasing picture. However, our readers can study for the present the portrait of the amiable and talented "Cousin Alice," and in the next number we will give them the sketch to read.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—We place the following articles on file for use as opportunity offers: Loving the Beautiful; Stray Thoughts on Romance, Reality, etc.; The Christ of Reason; Thoughts from Napoleon I; Along the Road; After the Storm; The Welsh Bard; Lost and Found; Over the River; Resolve; Willie; Seven Years Ago; Keep the Heart Young; The Angel of Peace; My Cross.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The following we must respectfully decline: John Edson—very well written, but has no special point or interest—In the Shadow—pretty good; the writer will do better when she learns to dispense with many adjectives—How we say, "All is Well;" The Two Little Mounds—very good poetry, but on a theme of which we receive more than we can use—Evening Spirits; A Summer Morn; Winter; Cotton; They Pass Away; and The Homeless Wanderer.





